

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,547



JULY 22, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GIKARIC, July 22, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,547—VOL. LX. ] EDITION  
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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1899

WITH TWO EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS  
"Notes by a Globe-Trotter in Picardy" and  
"An Episode in the Life of a Motor Cycle"

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ETON V. HARROW AT LORD'S: A BOUNDARY HIT

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

## Topics of the Week

### Prospects of Peace

ALTHOUGH it would still be premature to assume that all difficulties are at an end in South Africa, there is good reason to believe that a large and most desirable change has come over the situation. President Kruger has, it is clear, lifted the foot which he apparently put down with such unalterable firmness at Bloemfontein, and the ever-obedient Volksraad echoes his tardy submission to the inevitable, as it previously endorsed his pugnacious defiance. Whether this conversion would have ever occurred but for the despatch of "reliefs" to Cape Town, need not be inquired; it is a delicate question which had better be left to the future historian. For the moment it suffices to express satisfaction that the only source of danger to South African tranquillity and prosperity seems to have come within measurable distance of permanent obliteration. Some of our fire-eaters may raise objection that Sir A. Milner's so-called "irreducible minimum" has been pared down as a make-weight against Mr. Kruger's substantial concessions. But, really, it would be too absurd to plunge South Africa into internecine conflict on such a very small question as to whether five years or seven years should be the measure of time qualifying for the retrospective and prospective franchise. It is reported that the Government attaches very slight importance to this microscopic difference, its conviction being that, in the one case as the other, the Uitlanders will possess sufficient electoral representation to carry real influence in the Raad. As that was the cardinal purpose aimed at by the High Commissioner's scheme of reform, Lord Salisbury may fairly claim another diplomatic victory to add to his previous laurels. But the Transvaal Government will have to be closely watched lest a repetition of *punica fides* on its part should again provoke clamour in England for the destruction of Carthage.

There must have been joy and gladness at Bisley when it became known that the Government had agreed to do something more for the Volunteers to facilitate the acquisition of accurate marksmanship. To the crack shots assembled on the scorching plain it was, of course, a matter of personal indifference; skilled as they are they need no further tuition. But none knew better than they what bad shots a very large number of their comrades are, nor how woefully this deficiency might tell against them if they were called out to form the last line of defence. Whose fault is it, then, that so many of these patriotic citizens cannot shoot straight? It is mainly the fault of circumstances. Owing to one cause and another hundreds of ranges where they used to practise have been permanently closed, and it is found impracticable in the majority of instances to provide fresh accommodation. The Government is doing what it can to surmount this difficulty, but, of necessity, it has to proceed cautiously and tentatively. If new ranges were furnished in the near vicinity of growing cities, it would not be long before they became surrounded with human habitations and had to be closed. Perhaps, therefore, the War Office acts prudently for the moment by merely enabling Volunteers to take rail to distant ranges at far less expense than at present, the State bearing the rest of the burden. Even then, however, there must be an additional sacrifice of their leisure, a very valuable commodity to young townsmen engaged at office work throughout the week. But we feel very sure that the sacrifice will be cheerfully made now that the State diminishes the drain on none too well-filled purses.

As there are still some agitators who endeavour to stir up discontent among farm labourers by asserting that they, unlike urban workpeople, never get any share of their employers' prosperity, the *Labour Gazette* does good service by publishing authoritative statistics disproving the allegation. It was not possible, of course, to include in the inquiry the whole rural population; that would have been a gigantic and most costly task. But the tabulated information being derived from Poor Law Unions in the midland, eastern, home, southern, and south-western counties, may be accepted as fairly representative of that extensive area. It is altogether satisfactory to learn, therefore, that in 75,557 individual instances the wage rate has increased from a shilling to two shillings per week as compared with June last year. That difference may not seem appreciable to town toilers, but it means no inconsiderable increase of comfort to the farm hand. His shillings go very much further than the townsman's shillings, owing to the cost of living being less. Another noteworthy revelation, conclusively proving that our "helots of the soil," as sympathetic Radicals style them, share prosperity as well as adversity with their employers, shows that the wage rate has been chiefly increased in the eastern counties. And why there more than elsewhere? Because 1898 was an *annus mirabilis* for the British wheat grower, and it is upon their corn crops that the farmers in Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, and Cambridge have to mainly depend.

## The Court

HER MAJESTY'S summer stay at Windsor was to come to an end yesterday (Friday), when the Court would move to Osborne. There were plenty of visitors at Windsor up to the last before leaving, luncheon and dinner parties every day. The Duc d'Alençon, with his daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Vendôme, and his daughter and son-in-law, Prince and Princess Alphonse of Bavaria, were among the chief guests, besides the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl and Countess of Jersey and Mr. Balfour. Two evening concerts took place, Madame Adams-Stern and Mr. Ben Davies singing before Her Majesty and her guests. As usual when the weather is hot, the Queen spent most of her mornings at Frogmore, breakfasting in a tent in the grounds. On Sunday, also, Her Majesty attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum. Much to the delight of her grandchildren the Queen commanded a parade of Lord George Sanger's circus to be held in the Castle Grounds on Monday afternoon. The Queen, with Princesses Christian and Beatrice, drove to the Home Park, followed by the Royal children in a waggonette, and witnessed the procession, calling "Lord George" Sanger to her carriage at the close, and presenting him with a silver cigar case. Her Majesty has also taken great interest in the fancy fair which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arranged on behalf of Bagshot Church. During her stay at Osborne the Queen will take part in several public ceremonies. Next Friday Her Majesty will be at Ryde to open the children's wing of the Isle of Wight Infirmary—a "Longest Reign Memorial"—while next month the Queen will inspect the Portsmouth Volunteers Infantry Brigade during their training at Ashley.

Nothing could have been a greater success than the Prince of Wales's visit to Eastbourne for the Sussex Agricultural Society's Show. Eastbourne decorated gaily to receive the Prince, who came down with a large party on Saturday evening, and was greeted with a Mayoral address and much popular enthusiasm before driving off with his host and hostess, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, to Compton Place. He attended the Service for the Herdsmen on the Show ground on Sunday morning, going later to see the Duke of Devonshire's stud farm at Polegate. Next morning the Prince paid a surprise visit to the Princess Alice Hospital, and subsequently drove to the Show in State, escorted by a guard of honour of the West Kent Yeomanry, and opened the display. He then minutely inspected the Show, was present at the public luncheon, and witnessed the parade of prize horses and cattle before leaving for town.

The London season dies this week, for the next few days will find Royalty and society in general migrating to Goodwood and Cowes. The Prince of Wales paid a flying visit to Cowes on Tuesday, going down to see the trials between his yacht, the *Britannia*, and the new English champion *Shamrock*. He dined at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, and slept on his yacht, returning to town on Wednesday. The final Royal function in town was the Prince and Princess of Wales's inauguration of the new buildings of the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease. The Princess came up from Sandringham on purpose to attend, and yesterday (Friday) held a reception of nurses at Marlborough House. She now goes to Germany with her daughters, but the Prince remains in town till Monday, as he intends to be present with the Duke and Duchess of York at the athletic contest between Oxford and Cambridge and Yale and Harvard Universities. The Duke of York has been at Liverpool this week to open the new Post Office and distribute prizes to the boys on the training ship *Conway*. He stayed with Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley.

During their residence at Bagshot the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have thoroughly identified themselves with the church and charitable work of the neighbourhood. Witness the energy with which the Duke and Duchess have arranged the fancy fair held in their grounds at Bagshot Park this week on behalf of the restoration of Bagshot Parish Church. Stalls were held by the Duchess, by Princesses Christian and Beatrice, and the Duchess of Albany, while the Queen herself was to come on Wednesday. There was a large show of Royal contributions, the Queen sending a big parcel, while the Duchess of Connaught, the Grand Duchess of Hesse and several other Princesses had painted afternoon tea-tables with flowers. The Omdurman relics, collected by the Duke and Duchess during their late visit to the Sudan, formed a great attraction. The Duke and Duchess were at Bagshot Church on Sunday morning for the dedication of the new organ by the Bishop of Winchester.

The young Duke of Albany exchanges his English for a German home next month, when he formally takes up the position of heir to the Saxe-Coburg Duchy. Accompanied by his mother he will settle at Dresden for his education, attending the Vitzthum Gymnasium, where sons of the highest German families are studying.

Our Court has been wearing ten days' mourning for the Tsarevitch. His death was most lonely and sudden, for he passed away almost in the arms of a peasant woman who came to his aid. The young Prince was cycling on a benzine motor velocipede when hemorrhage suddenly came on. He got down, but staggered as he alighted, and a woman ran forward and supported him. Asked what was the matter, the Prince said "Nothing"—his last word—for as the woman bathed his face with water death ensued peacefully. The spot where he died has been railed in and a cross erected. The Tsarevitch lay in State in his simple home at Abbas Tiumen for a day, his body clad in naval uniform, and a Requiem Mass was celebrated in the church. His remains are being brought home by a Russian warship to Novo Rossiisk, escorted by several vessels of the Black Sea Squadron. The Empress Dowager and her son, the Grand Duke Michael, will meet the remains and accompany them to St. Petersburg, where the funeral takes place next Wednesday.

## In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

ONE rooted principle actuating Mr. Arthur Balfour endears him to the House of Commons. Whatever happens, whatever in the way of work be done or left undone, Parliament must be prorogued on or about August 12. It was not ever thus. There are many members of the present House who recall how, in Mr. Gladstone's time, it was the custom not to cut the cloth of the Ministerial programme to the length of the Session, but indefinitely to stretch the Session so as to cover every inch of appointed work. If the boys were not completed school was "kept in" till it was. Now the boys will be so good, so obliging, as to perform the amount of task-work drawn up at the opening of term the head master will be extremely obliged. If they will not or cannot, then the holidays shall commence all the same at or near the consecrated date.

This was the purport of Mr. Balfour's speech on Monday, setting forth the order of business for the remainder of the Session. He recited a long list of measures it was desirable to add to the Session Book. At the outset he admitted that a majority of them could not be passed if there was any opposition. In the days of obstruction that admission would have sufficed to seal their fate. Amendments would forthwith have been put down, and all would have been lost. In the happier era that has dawned upon the present Government the Leader of the House actually found himself oppressed by the Opposition to go on with a particular measure of the character which he had spoken hopelessly. This was the Land Tax (the missionaries' Bill, practically abandoned in his first speech, was reinstated in his second, after listening to representations made from the other side.

Amongst the measures abandoned is the Money Lending Bill, whereat there was general lamentation. This, based upon the report of a Select Committee, was carried through the Lords and came down to the Commons with assurance of benefit if it received from the long deliberation of legal luminaries in the assembly. Reviewing the position three months ago, it seemed that though the Heavens fell this particular Bill would this Session receive the Royal Assent. Entirely free from political range, it dealt with a crying social evil. But regarding the House of Commons in the character of the proverbial pint pot, you can't get a quart into it. Towards the end of the Session it became a question of the Tithes Bill or the Money Lending Bill, and the latter went to the wall.

The former came up again on Thursday for third reading, a stage passed after final futile opposition. The Lords will, of course, make short work of it. If they please to regard it as a money Bill, they may suspend their Standing Orders, and rush it through all its stages in a single sitting. It is difficult to catalogue as a money Bill a measure which does not bear on its back the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and from which that Minister, through its course in the Commons, stubbornly stood aloof. But the Lords do not mind little things like that, when they are opposed to what otherwise recommends itself as a convenient procedure.

Two nights of the week have been given up to the Food and Drugs Bill, a measure designed to confer immense benefits upon the householder with a lean purse. It has had the advantage of being dealt with in Grand Committee, a body eminently adapted for such work. How seriously the Committee took the business in hand is testified by the fact that of the twenty-six clauses that comprise the Bill twenty-one were amended, one-third of the Bill when it came back to the House being new matter. It is one of the eccentricities of our Parliamentary legislation that a Grand Committee, having weighed every word of every clause and settled moot questions, their labours should be autocritically revised when they report the Bill to the House of Commons. For all practical purposes a Grand Committee is identical with the Committee of the whole House, except wherein it is better qualified for the work allotted to it. Smaller in number the attendance is, as a rule, fuller than the average in Committee of the whole House. While a Grand Committee is impartially selected in due proportion from both sides, so that it shall form a microcosm of the House, when a particular Bill is referred to it it is the custom to add a number of members specially selected on account of their knowledge of the matter in hand.

Here then is the very best machinery that could be constructed for hammering a non-political Bill into shape. Yet, when it comes back to the Commons on the Report stage they will, as this week, spend two long sittings in pecking away at the Bill. As the debate is chiefly monopolised by members of the Grand Committee, who have said it all before upstairs, no harm beyond waste of time may appear to result. But the large body of members, though they may refrain from speaking on a matter of which they know nothing, do not to be deprived of the privilege of voting upon it. Thus, there is always danger of a sound decision taken after long deliberation in Grand Committee being upset by the vote of the mob in the House itself.

There has been through the week a series of questions testified to the unrest in the public mind with respect to affairs in South Africa. No new information has been forthcoming, Mr. Chamberlain contrary to his occasional wont, satisfying himself with brief and prosaic replies. Some stir was made by a particular and peculiar passage in Mr. Balfour's statement on Monday. After dealing with the long list of Bills on the Ministerial programme, stating what would be abandoned and which forwarded, he observed that not he had said in the direction of limiting the labours of the remainder of the Session would preclude the Government from introducing any measure that might suddenly assert itself as necessary for the needs of a department of the State.

This oracular utterance was construed as foreshadowing a Vote of Credit. Challenged on the point, Mr. Balfour said he had no such idea in his mind, but, he added, if circumstances arose requiring such a procedure necessary, it would be dealt with accordingly. Another noteworthy matter in this connection was the plain, emphatically, almost effusively, volunteered, that before the Session closes opportunity shall be given for a full debate upon the Colonial Vote. Members are disposed to think there's more in this than meets the eye.

THE GRAPHIC AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.—  
Results of this Competition, together with the prizes and selected photographs, will be published in the issues of THE GRAPHIC for August 5, 12, and 19.

**POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC**  
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**GOODWOOD RACES, JULY 25TH, 26TH, 27TH AND 28TH.**  
 Fast Trains London for Portsmouth, East Southsea and the Isle of Wight every Weekday.

| From          | a.m. | a.m. | a.m.  | a.m.  | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|---------------|------|------|-------|-------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Victoria      | 9 35 | 9 13 | 10 30 | 11 35 | 1 45 | 3 55 | —    | 4 55 | 7 20 |
| Kensington    | 9 5  | 8 40 | 10 15 | 11 15 | 1 25 | 3 40 | —    | 4 25 | 6 53 |
| London Bridge | 9 45 | 9 40 | 10 25 | 11 40 | 1 60 | 4 0  | 4 45 | 5 0  | 7 25 |

The last Train runs to Portsmouth Town only. \* Addition Road.  
 SATURDAY, JULY 22nd, and MONDAY, JULY 24th. SPECIAL TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Pulborough, Midhurst, Singleton, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, East Southsea and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight). See Programme.  
 HORSES AND CARRIAGES from Victoria for the above Stations will only be conveyed by Special Trains leaving Saturday, July 22nd, 7.45 a.m. and 7.0 p.m., and Monday, July 22nd, 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 7.0 p.m.

| SPECIAL TRAINS   |      | July 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. |       |       |      |
|------------------|------|----------------------------------|-------|-------|------|
| From             |      | A                                | B     | C     | D    |
| Victoria         | 9 35 | 9 13                             | 10 30 | 11 35 | 1 45 |
| Kensington       | 9 5  | 8 40                             | 10 15 | 11 15 | 1 25 |
| Clapham Junction | 9 45 | 9 40                             | 10 25 | 11 40 | 1 60 |
| London Bridge    | 9 45 | 9 40                             | 10 25 | 11 40 | 1 60 |

\* Addition Road. A To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, 17s. 10d., 11s. 8d., 10s. 1d. B To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare, 10s. C To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, 1st Class, 20s., 2nd Class, 15s. D To Drayton and Chichester, First Class only, Return Fare, 25s.  
 For Particulars see Programme, or address Superintendent of the Line, L. B. and S. C. Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

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| From                        | a.m. | a.m. | a.m.  | a.m.  | p.m.  | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m.  |
|-----------------------------|------|------|-------|-------|-------|------|------|------|-------|
| London (Euston) dep.        | 5 15 | 7 10 | 10 0  | 11 30 | 2 0   | 7 45 | 8 0  | 8 50 | 11 50 |
| Edinburgh (Princes St) arr. | 3 50 | 5 50 | 6 30  | 7 55  | 10 30 | —    | —    | —    | —     |
| Glasgow (Central) dep.      | 3 30 | 5 0  | 6 45  | 7 55  | 10 30 | —    | —    | —    | —     |
| Greenock dep.               | 4 22 | 7 5  | 7 40  | 9 13  | 11 17 | —    | —    | —    | —     |
| Gourock dep.                | 4 54 | 7 15 | 7 50  | 9 22  | 11 27 | —    | —    | —    | —     |
| Oban dep.                   | 5 45 | —    | —     | —     | —     | —    | —    | —    | —     |
| Perth dep.                  | 5 30 | —    | —     | —     | —     | —    | —    | —    | —     |
| Inverness-via Dunkeld       | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —    | —    | —    | —     |
| Dundee dep.                 | 7 15 | —    | 8 40  | —     | 1 5   | —    | 6 30 | 8 50 | 9 45  |
| Aberdeen dep.               | 9 5  | —    | 10 15 | —     | 3 0   | —    | 7 15 | —    | 11 25 |
| Ballaater dep.              | —    | —    | —     | —     | 8 55  | —    | 9 45 | —    | —     |
| Inverness-via Aberdeen      | —    | —    | —     | —     | 7 50  | —    | 12 5 | —    | 4 35  |

\* On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey Passengers to stations marked \* (Sunday mornings in Scotland).  
 X—Passengers for Inverness and Aberdeen must leave London by the 8.50 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those Stations on that night.

A—On Saturdays passengers by the 2.0 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

B—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8.0 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays).

C—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. from July 25 to August 12. This Train does not run on Saturday nights.

A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays, and Friday, August 4, excepted) at 6.20 p.m., up to August 8, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

On Friday, August 4, Horses and Private Carriages for Scotland will not be accepted for loading at Euston Station, but arrangements will be made for dealing with them at Kensington (Addison Road) Station. A Special Train will leave Kensington (Addison Road) at 6.0 p.m.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.  
 FRED. HARRISON, General Manager L. & N. W. Railway.  
 JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager Caledonian Railway.  
 July, 1899.

**GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.**  
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| Weekdays                   | a.m.  | a.m.  | a.m. | a.m. | a.m.  | a.m.  | a.m.  | a.m.  | a.m.  | a.m.  | a.m.  |
|----------------------------|-------|-------|------|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| London (King's Cross) dep. | 5 15  | 7 15  | 8 45 | 9 45 | 10 15 | 10 25 | 10 35 | 10 55 | 11 10 | 11 30 | 11 45 |
| Sheringham arr.            | 10 11 | 12 11 | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Cromer (Beach) dep.        | 11 41 | 14 1  | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Mundesley-on-Sea dep.      | 9 22  | 11 01 | 15   | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Skegness dep.              | 10 22 | 12 37 | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Ilkley dep.                | 10 17 | 1 0   | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Harrogate dep.             | 11 15 | —     | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Scarborough dep.           | 1 17  | —     | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Whitby dep.                | 1 17  | —     | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Foley dep.                 | 1 18  | —     | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Bridlington dep.           | 1 19  | —     | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Redcar dep.                | 1 20  | —     | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Salisbury dep.             | 1 21  | —     | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |
| Seaton Carew dep.          | 1 22  | —     | —    | —    | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     | —     |

| Weekdays                   | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|----------------------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| London (King's Cross) dep. | 12 3 | 1 10 | 3 0  | 3 30 | 3 45 | 3 55 | 4 05 | 4 15 | 4 25 | 4 35 | 4 45 |
| Sheringham arr.            | 4 40 | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Cromer (Beach) dep.        | 5 0  | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Mundesley-on-Sea dep.      | 5 30 | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Skegness dep.              | 4 13 | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
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| Scarborough dep.           | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Whitby dep.                | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Foley dep.                 | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Bridlington dep.           | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Redcar dep.                | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Salisbury dep.             | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |
| Seaton Carew dep.          | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    | —    |

\* Through carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains. † Through Carriages to Harrogate by these trains. A On Sunday mornings arrives Redcar at 7.50, Saltburn 8.10, and Seaton Carew 9.20. B First and Third Class Luncheon at 7.50. C On Sunday mornings is due Harrogate 8.5. D First and Third Class Corridor Dining-Car Express. E Third Class Luncheon Car Express. Will not be run on Mondays or Wednesdays. F Not on Sunday Mornings (c) Saturdays only.

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 July, 1899. CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

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 GREAT MINING COURT.  
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**"SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA"**  
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 EMPRESS THEATRE,  
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 Depicted by Fillis' Monster Aggregation.  
 Twice daily, at 3.30 and 8.30.  
 Thousands of Reserved Seats at 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s.  
 One Thousand Matabele, Basutos, Swazis, Hottentots, Cape and Transvaal Boers Basuto Ponies, Zebras, Wildebeests, African Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Baboons, Wild Dogs, and a Herd of Elephants.  
 THE ORIGINAL GWELO STAGE COACH.  
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 IN THE  
 YORKSHIRE DALES AND MOORS.  
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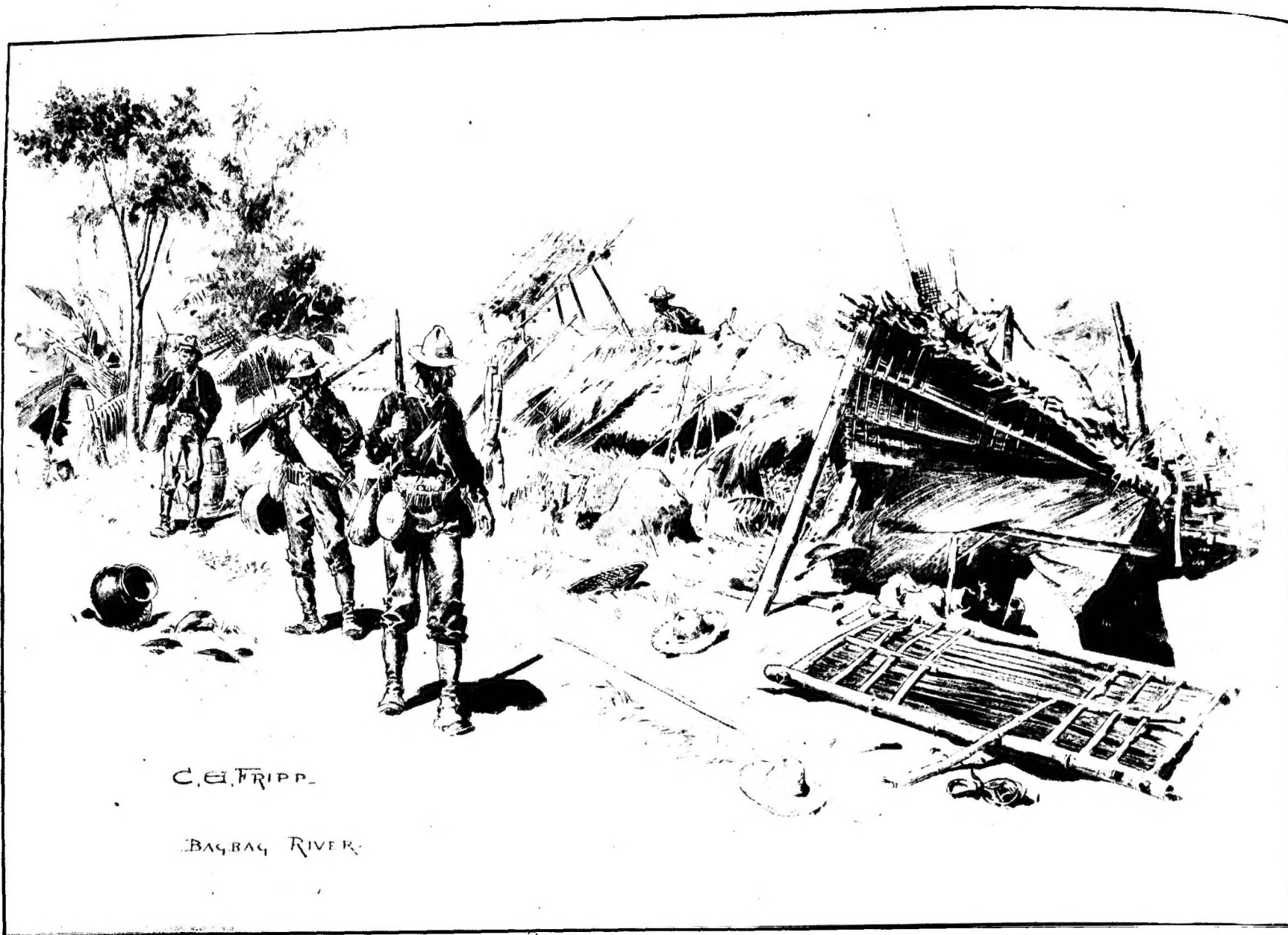
Illustrated Guide to FURNISHED LODGINGS in Farmhouses and Seaside and Country Villages, with large map and descriptive introduction, can be obtained, post free, 2d., from the Superintendent of the Line, N.E. Railway, York.

GEORGE S. GIBB,  
 General Manager.

York, July, 1899.

**GOODWOOD, BRIGHTON AND LEWES RACES.**  
 The arrangements of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company, including the running of Special Trains for the convenience of their patron during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 24th, are now being announced as completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the Railway Company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Worthing Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester Stations and Goodwood Park.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and their City Office, 6, Arthur Street East, will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on July 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th, for the sale of Tickets to Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Midhurst, Singleton, Portsmouth, Southsea, Isle of Wight, Brighton, Worthing, Seaford, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, &c., at the same fares as charged at the stations.



The insurgents frequently raise shelters over the trenches, so that after a time they become quite roofed over with matting and nipa thatch.

THE FIGHTING IN MANILA: THE INSURGENT TRENCHES AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT AT THE BAGBAG RIVER

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



Lieutenant Gaunt and three other British officers have effected a wonderful change in Malietoa's army. The brigade shown here is armed with 700 modern rifles, and would now not only follow the lead of a white officer, but stand fire for hours at a time. In addition to these seven hundred men, armed with the best rifles, a thousand others are armed with old rifles, so that Malietoa's army, if the change continued, would have had a pretty warm time of it. The woman walking in front is Lala, the head Vivandière.

THE TROUBLES IN SAMOA: LIEUTENANT GAUNT RIDING BESIDE HIS NATIVE BRIGADE

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



C. E. FRIPP.  
CALUMPIT.

After the railway bridge had been seized in face of a pertinacious resistance on the part of the insurgents defending the opposite bank of the Rio Grande, the United States troops, on crossing the bridge, found that the Filipinos had brought half a dozen of their dead and wounded under a culvert

THE FIGHTING IN MANILA: AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT AT CALUMPIT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

# The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE hope that the rage for cycling would have the effect of diminishing the crowds on the more popular parts of the Thames is hardly likely to be realised. Last year there seemed to be some chance, as there was undoubtedly a falling off in the frequenters of the stream, but during the present season it has been more mobbed than ever. If this goes on—as probably it will—the pleasantest lounging-places on the river, the locks, are likely to be dis-established altogether. Boulter's Lock has ever been notable as a lounging-place, and its recent aspect has been charmingly pictured by Mr. Gregory, whose work was reproduced in the pages of *The Graphic*. But much of this scene must now live in the past, as on Sundays the Conservancy have resolved that no spectators shall be allowed either at the lock-side or on the mill-bridge. What a change has taken place in this quarter since I first knew it in the days of my boyhood, when there were comparatively few lock loungers, and the garden was gay with its glory of July roses. I can recall the time when the suburbanising of the towpath bank had not commenced, and save a few old-fashioned mansions—

cathedral and parish churches were finally robbed of great part of their historical and æsthetic value." And this was done at a cost of 25,000,000! !

Mr. Arthur à Beckett, in his versatile and amusing volume, "The Modern Adam"—let us hope he will shortly bring out a companion work devoted to the fallacies of the fair sex, and entitled "The Modern Eve"—gives us peeps behind the scenes in many directions and not a few wrinkles as to "how things are done." His views on oratory and his receipts for various forms of speech-making may be studied to great advantage, and the budding Burke and the stripling Sheridan will doubtless acquire many useful hints therefrom. The "gift of the gab"—and often the "gab" without the "gift"—is ever likely to be popular, although I learn that its sphere of action is likely to be curtailed. Phonographs for public dinners, I hear, are now being provided, to which speakers may contribute their orations beforehand. For an extra fee the speech may be written out and delivered by a practised elocutionist. When the dinner is over the phonograph is set going by the toast-master, all the speeches and replies are rapidly given forth, every one is saved a great deal of trouble, and the speakers themselves can stop at home if they are so minded.

Anybody who in these days invents a new calling, when every

## Eton and Harrow at Lord's

ANOTHER drawn game in the Eton and Harrow match has raised anew the question whether this match should not be a three-day fixture. Among the suggestions put forward for the solution of a difficulty concerning which there is a good deal to be said, is one that three days should be given to the match, that it should be removed from Lord's. Play the match at Eton or Harrow say these commentators, and then everyone will be satisfied—the headmasters who do not wish to waste too much time of the cricketers who would like to have the match decided, or other, and the "junior school," who would be given opportunity of seeing the play. The gentlemen who put forward these views lack one essential of the critic of the Eton and Harrow match; they certainly cannot be Eton or Harrow boys. To remove the time-honoured feature from Lord's, the history to which every great cricketer looks forward for the setting on his fame, and where generations of youthful amateurs have their cricket baptism? Here it was and in this match that the Lyttletons, McLaren, and F. S. Jackson made their appearance and their first impression—there is no more interesting, by the way, than to go through the old Eton and Harrow match and to see the new stars coming on the cricket horizon year by year—and it is to this match that old cricketers in the Pavilion turn to discover the yo-



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT

The Elcho Match is the most important team event in the match rifle series. The teams are of eight, with a captain, who seldom fires himself. The first of the ranges in the Elcho match, namely, 800 yards, resulted in the Irish score being the greatest, Scotland next, and England the lowest. This order was exactly reversed at the next stage, and at the final range, 1,000 yards, the English eight succeeded in maintaining

their position and winning the trophy, which for another year will find a resting place at the Guildhall. The English aggregate score was 1,577 out of a possible 1,800. Scotland was 36 points below England, and Ireland 30 points below Scotland. The captain of the team, the Earl of Waldegrave, is sitting on the right of the shield.

### THE BISLEY MEETING: THE ENGLISH TEAM WHO WON THE ELCHO SHIELD

notably one belonging to Mr. Tamplin, the surgeon—there was scarcely a house to be seen on that side between picturesque Maidenhead bridge and the lock. I can remember in those days the mooning beneath the Cliveden Woods, the loungings at Monkey Island, the luncheons at Amerden Bank, the walks to Maidenhead Thicket and Cookham, the dreamy mornings in punts, when fishing was the exercise and idleness the object, the pleasant sojournings at Skindles, the verses they inspired—which I am proud to find are still popular with lovers of the Thames.

The twenty-second annual report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings shows what admirable work the corporation and its indefatigable secretary, Mr. Thackeray Turner, are ever accomplishing. Considerably over two hundred buildings in London and the country have received the attention of the society during the past year. Among these may be noted that of the old church at Hitchin. It is many years since I was inside the edifice, but I can call to mind a southern porch of singular beauty; there were also some very fine carved oak pews and a baptismal font of notable design that had been terribly maltreated by Cromwell's fiends. These last two items are vividly impressed on my mind, as I have still in my possession some elaborate studies I made at the age of twelve of both these items. We are tolerably free in blaming the savage soldiery of a sanctimonious regicide for injuring our ancient churches, but it is a question whether the aforesaid marauders did so much damage as the modern restorer. In the report above alluded to we are told that between "1840 and 1873, 7,144

occupation from publicans to poets is overcrowded, deserves a handsome testimonial. As I happen to have invented several new forms of employment, I undoubtedly merit a most substantial reward. Possibly for the reason already given I shall not receive it. No matter—here is my latest idea. It is that certain persons should be trained, or should train themselves, as professional "finders." That is to say, if you lose a book or a paper, or anything else, you should not waste your time in attempting to discover it. You should simply send to the Finders' Society—I am supposing that my useful corporation is already established—and at once one of its members would be in attendance. To this person you would give a description of the lost article, the search would be at once instituted, and you would be able to proceed with your ordinary avocations. A fresh eye and an unprejudiced mind being brought to bear on the search would be found to be invaluable, because then the seeking would be systematic. If you look for a thing yourself you are always hampered by mistaken views as to where the lost article should be, and what you were doing when you lost it, whereas the professional finder would not be trammelled by any of these considerations. I feel rather acutely on this subject, because I have been hunting all the week for some especial papers that a friend is anxious to see, and I have not found them yet. Could I only have called in a member of my Finders' Society, I am convinced that the documents would have been forthcoming in half an hour. The Superior Sex are always clever in discovering a secret, so I have but little doubt they would be invaluable as accomplished practitioners in this new profession.

who are some day to stand up against the Australian. It is a mistake to suppose that the gay crowd who assemble at Lord's for this most pleasant and useful spectacle does so without any regard for the cricket. The rows of the silk-hatted Pavilion seats are answer enough to any suggestion of a reformation. The numbers of "old boys" in the free seats is another rejoinder. But, beyond doubt, the removal of Eton and Harrow from St. John's Wood would do a great deal to the gaiety of the season. There is no spectacle anywhere in the world like it. One says of it that nowhere are so many faces and so many pretty dresses to be seen in the same place; though the compliment is blunt it is true. Even the "new boys" at Lord's did not spoil the appearance of the gay crowd, rather, by adding to the places from which the match was actually seen, did it add something to the crowd. The hues. There were this year fewer coaches on the ground, but was a pity not only from the point of view of picturesqueness, because it deprives the Eton and Harrow boy of a fair view of the match almost as old as the match itself, the al-fresco luncheon coaches. The many club tents on the new Nursery ground, quickly becoming known as the Luncheon Ground, and the "New Boxes" with their restaurant reminiscent of a French chateau, could not entirely compensate for the loss of the old match. It is evident, after reviewing all the circumstances, that the match must stop at Lord's. But one thing might be done to improve the fielding might be improved. The greatest triumph of this match were certainly neither to the bowlers nor the fielders.

## Sir William MacCormac

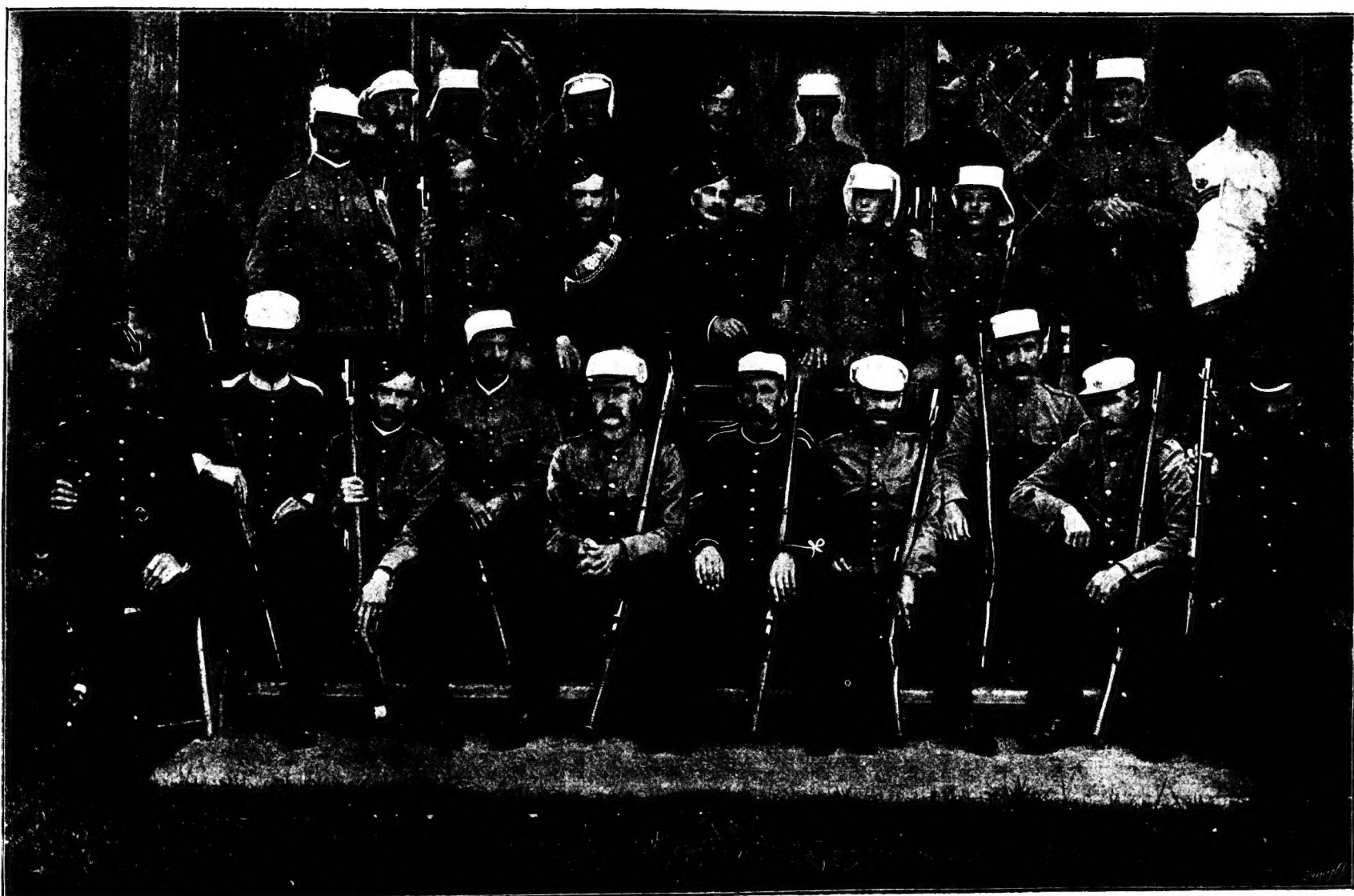
SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC, who has now for the fourth time been elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is a name which for many years has been in a sense the property of the public. At the presentation of his portrait three years ago to his old College in Belfast, the Marquis of Dufferin paid a deservedly high compliment to his European reputation. Sir William MacCormac had received, remarked Lord Dufferin with a twinkle of humour, many more decorations than could find room on his exceptionally ample breast. For his devotion, skill, and courage have been shown no less on foreign battlefields than in the wards of English hospitals. His public career cannot be said to have begun with the Franco-German War, for he was already well known at home when he volunteered his services as an ambulance surgeon therein; but it was here, and subsequently in the Turco-Servian war, that he met with the most striking of his experiences, and did that work which has won for him orders and decorations from every country. The experience which he gained as a surgeon in the Franco-German War, and afterwards embodied in book form—has had doubtless much to do with the vastly improved condition of field hospitals and ambulance service on battlefields of later date. It had, however, as an

was, he felt sure, "somewhere in the neighbourhood." No one knew where it was; but yielding to the entreaties of the Sedan doctor, the little party of surgeons decided to stop the night—the night of August 30, 1870—and they bivouacked as well as they could in the railway station, but indeed any further effort to reach the front and MacMahon, to whom they were accredited, seemed quite hopeless.

No trains came in, no trains went out; the French, the Germans, the war, the Emperor—who had just resigned his command and thrown away his kingdom, though they knew nothing of that—might have been a thousand miles away. Most of the party had made themselves as comfortable as they could in the deserted waiting rooms, trying to snatch a few hours' sleep. But Mr. MacCormac was anxious, and about two o'clock in the morning was wandering restlessly upon the platform. It was just dawning light when, to his surprise, an engine steamed in, bringing with it a solitary cattle truck. The watcher observed it with curiosity, and then with amazement; for out of the dingy truck stepped the Emperor, and with him one or two members of his staff. They walked, unattended, out of the station, nobody seeing them but the one solitary observer, who followed them a hundred yards behind, until they came to the gates of Sedan. "I can recall the scene now," says Sir William, "the clear, still morning air, in which every sound was distinct, the little cloaked party, the town gate and ramparts, the lifted drawbridge. When they reached the closed gates, someone shouted over and over again

not been over-estimated. "Zola, in 'Le Débâcle,' observed Sir William MacCormac to the writer, "has described the scene from several points of view. I only saw it from one. But the things he has described from that point of view are just as I saw them, and so I have no reason to suppose that the other horrors he has put down are not justified also. There is one thing he describes, however, that I witnessed, which did not strike me quite in the same way. I saw the Emperor ride out along the Coulommier Road—with his painted face," Zola says—but that is not true. It was the pallid face of a dying man; he must have been suffering intense physical as well as mental anguish in those days; and it is no figure of speech to say he would have been glad if a bullet had found him." There are many other things in the Franco-German War which Sir William MacCormac saw vividly, and vividly describes; but they have been told by others. That strange scene in the early morning of the day before Sedan belongs to history, too, but it had no other living eye-witness than Sir William MacCormac himself, and has been told by no chronicler.

The rest of Sir William's career as a public man is too well known to need more than a brief summary here. He helped to organise on behalf of the Stafford House Committee the Volunteer Service for the Wounded in the Turco-Servian War, a task of some danger as well as of difficulty, for the Turks were no respecters of persons, and the ambulance arrangements in the beginning were of the most primitive description. It proved difficult, too, to render help to wounded men who



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT

The Kolapore Cup is a Challenge Cup, presented by the Rajah of Kolapore, and is open to one team of eight men, each from the Volunteers of the Mother Country and the Militia or Volunteers of each British colony or dependency, and one team from members home on leave of the Indian Staff Corps or Indian Volunteers. After a splendid contest the Canadians, who pressed the winners hard up to a few rounds from the

finish, were finally beaten by nine points, and the Kolapore Cup comes back to England after a brief stay in the Channel Islands, it having been won last year by Guernsey. By way of consolation the Canadians took a Colonial Prize of 80s. for the highest aggregate made by any team not of the Mother Country.

### THE BISLEY MEETING: THE CANADIAN TEAM WHO WON THE COLONIAL PRIZE IN THE KOLAPORE MATCH

experience, a side which is interesting quite apart from the material instruction which it afforded to Sir William, then Mr. MacCormac, and those who followed him. Having volunteered his services as a surgeon, he went first to Metz. But Metz, quivering with suspicion and anxiety, insisted on regarding the young English surgeon as a spy, and Mr. MacCormac, finding that his asseverations respecting the nature of his humane mission were disbelieved, and that his venture was rapidly becoming one of real danger, was compelled to return to Paris—in a state of some indignation, as may be imagined.

Arrived at Paris, however, he was prevailed upon by the Anglo-American Association for the Care of the Wounded again to give his services, and towards the end of August he and his colleagues left Paris for Sedan. The railway was a type of the disorganisation which marked the French military preparation—or unpreparedness. Trains and trains and trains were scattered along the railways, laid up in sidings, awaiting the order, though helpless in the face of orders, to go to the front. In one siding was the gorgeously equipped and upholstered train of the Emperor, empty and deserted. Soldiers idle, helpless, waiting, were bivouacked here and there. At last Mr. MacCormac and his fellow-surgeons arrived at Sedan, an old-fashioned fortified town, with stone walls and drawbridges, and only peasants armed with matchlocks for sentries on the ramparts. There were no soldiers and but one doctor in the place, and he implored them to stay, for the army of MacMahon

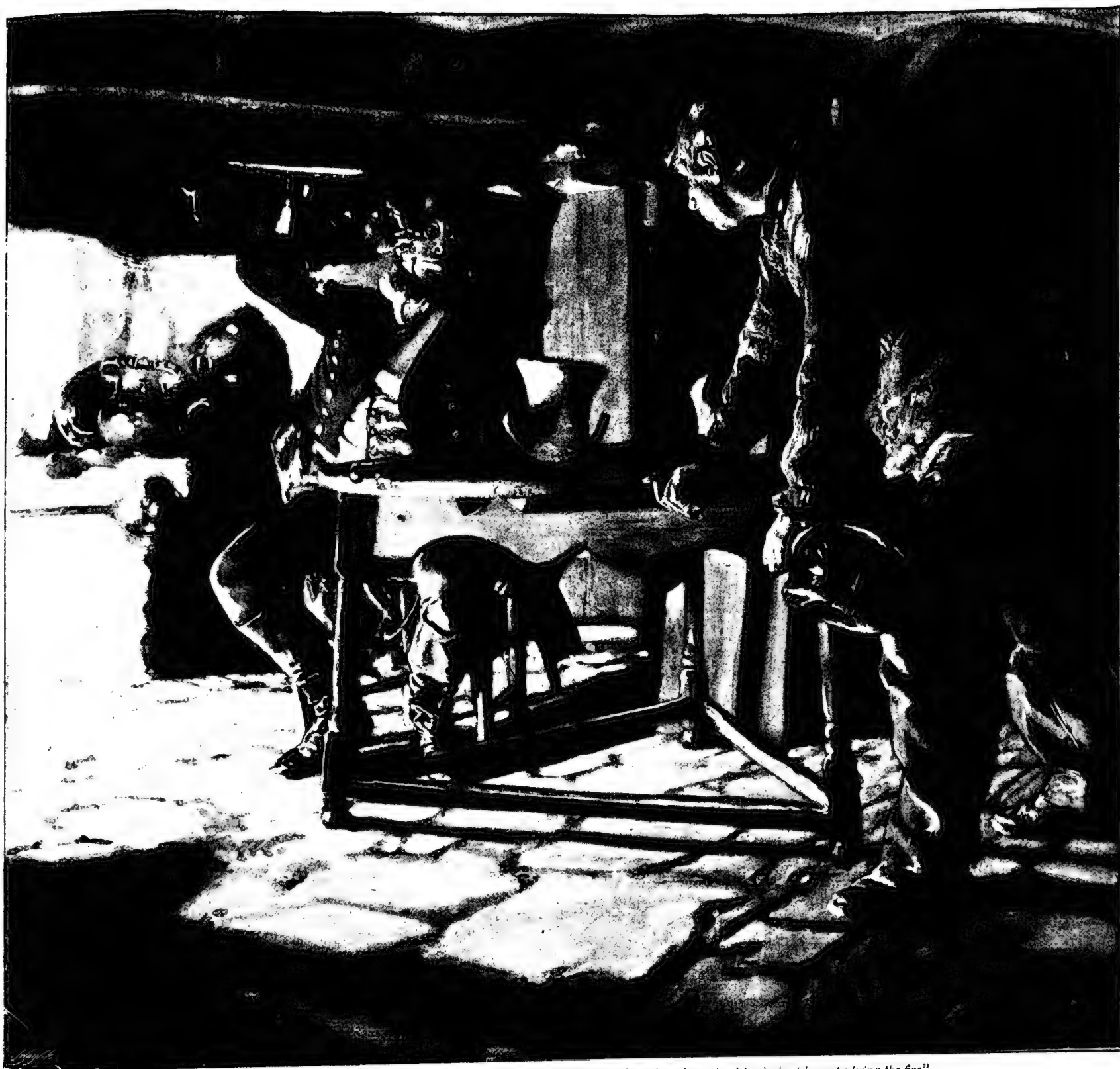
to attract attention; but no answer came; and then one of the aides-de-camp hammered with his riding whip on the drawbridge gate. "Mais ouvrez! Ouvrez donc!" I heard him cry. "C'est l'Empereur!" But for what seemed a very long time, perhaps half an hour, this cry resounded vainly. It was hard for those inside to believe that it was an Imperial fugitive who stood waiting at the gate. Yet in that way the Emperor of the French entered Sedan only to leave it, not many hours later, a prisoner with all his army.

The next day the Grand Army came tumbling into the town. Infantry, artillery, cavalry crowded in, mixed up together in complete disorder, officers without men, men without officers, pell mell. The Prussians were close behind, the soldiery said, and hardly had this news been told before the firing began. Mr. MacCormac had a narrow escape of being hit. He sprained his ankle in going over a ploughed field, and the remainder of his painful return into the town was rendered eventful by flying bullets. The battle began at four o'clock a.m. on September 1, and before ten o'clock there were many hundreds of wounded men to be attended to by the handful of surgeons in a half empty barrack handed over to their charge. They lay about the corridors, the staircases, the landings, the churches and schools, the houses were filled. For three days the surgeons hardly slept; the wounded continued to increase till their numbers were estimated at 10,000. The task of the surgeons became an impossible one; they were confronted by sheer inability to cope with the operations. There was little or nothing to eat; the water began to fail, the bread gave out. The horrors of that time have

preferred death to entering Paradise mutilated by the loss of a limb through amputation. A work of more peaceful organisation with which he was connected was the International Medical Congress held in London in 1881. Of this the most famous gathering of medical men of this generation, a gathering which included Pasteur, Huxley, Jenner, Charcot, Langenbeck, Esmarch, Billings, and Lister among its luminaries, he was the organising secretary, and for his share in its success he was knighted. The baronetcy conferred upon him by the Queen at her Jubilee, and his election to the office of President of the College of Surgeons, his Surgeoncy to the Prince of Wales, whom he attended after his severe accident last year, his Knight Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order, are honours of later and well-known occasions. It remains to speak only of the great affection, no less than the deep respect, which he has inspired among those who know him, and know not only his brilliant skill, but his kindness, his generosity, his sympathy and his charm. One of the most appreciated compliments which has been paid to Sir William was a dinner given to him a few weeks since by seventy-seven of his old house-surgeons, the chairman being Mr. G. C. Franklin. An album containing their signatures was presented to Sir William, together with the following address:—"We take this opportunity of expressing our admiration of your services to the advance of the science of surgery in the hospital and on the field of battle, your unwearied efforts to promote the objects of the medical profession and maintain its high status, your services to St. Thomas's Hospital and its Medical School, and your unvarying kindness and efforts to help your pupils and juniors."



SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC, BART.  
 WHO HAS JUST BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS FOR THE FOURTH TIME  
 DRAWN FROM A SITTING ACCORDED TO OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



"Hearing the steps of Dench in the doorway he turned and exhibited a gold eyeglass through which he had been studying the fire"

## WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A LATE VISITOR

WHEN Oliver Dench reached his cottage, that stood but little removed from the landing-stage of the ferry, on the Seaton side of the water, he was much surprised to find that his fire was made up, and that some one was seated in front of it with hands extended and knees apart warming himself at it.

He stood in his doorway and stared, till his eyes were sufficiently accustomed to the light to enable him to distinguish the occupier of his room and chair.

He had not locked his door on leaving. At that period few thought of fastening their houses unless leaving them for a long time, and the ferryman's cottage was usually free to anyone to enter and wait for a passage. A neighbour undertook to attend to the ferry when Dench was away. It was not likely that anyone would desire to cross after dark, but it was not impossible that one would.

The individual by the fire was a gentleman in a bottle-green coat with high collar and brass buttons. The coat was short-waisted but long-tailed. His beaver hat, curled at the sides like a leaf backed by aphids, stood on the table, and a malacca, gold-headed cane lay there also. He wore two waistcoats of differing cut, so as to allow the lower to show. A thick neckcloth enveloped his throat, and was pinned in front.

Hearing the steps of Dench in the doorway he turned and exhibited a gold eyeglass through which he had been studying the fire.

His lavender trousers were strapped under his boots, and were tight-fitting from the knee down. He was a man of middle-age, with slight whiskers elaborately curled, and a forehead apparently

high, due to the retreat of his hair. He was a good-looking man decidedly, with mild blue eyes, a well-formed nose, and would have been handsome but for a weak mouth and a retreating chin.

Just before Oliver entered he had been peering down the tube of a latchkey, and then blowing into it to expel such dust as might have accumulated in it from residence in his pocket. Having satisfied himself on this score he laid the key on his knee, affixed the glass in his eye, and looked into the flames. The tread of Dench made him turn.

"Is that you, the Ferryman Dench?" asked the gentleman. Then placing a hand on each side of the chair he turned it about, so that still sitting he might observe him who entered.

"What! surely not Mr. Holwood!" exclaimed the boatman. He took off his glazed hat, turned it about in his hands, and added, "Your servant, sir."

Then he cautiously shut the door behind him. "Good heavens, sir," he said in a tone agitated and full of ill-concealed alarm. "Whatever has brought you here, sir? This is most risky."

"I cannot help myself. I know that it is unsafe. But I have been prodigiously uneasy, and I felt it impossible to obtain rest of mind without seeing and speaking with you. I have a few days of liberty; I have taken advantage of them. Where is she?"

"Oh! she is right enough."

"But whereabouts is she?"

"Oh! not very far off. Housekeeper to a certain person, unmarried of course."

"Which?"

"Oh! both."

A pause—Mr. Holwood felt in his pocket for his latchkey. "A—clergyman, I hope?"

"Bless your soul, a seafaring fellow, a dissolute dog, been a smuggler—mixed up in—but, ahem!—you are in the Government."

"No, not exactly, in the Foreign Office. You—you don't mean to imply—"

"Never stir in dirty ponds or you wake bad smells. What can you expect? What is born in the bone comes out in the flesh."

The gentleman put his latchkey back in his pocket, folded his hands between his knees, and looked down with a troubled face on the floor; his feeble underlip quivered, and his chin went back as though inclined to dive into and conceal itself in the neckcloth.

"I am very unhappy about this. I—I feel a sort of responsibility in the matter. But, my dear Mr. Dench, what am I to do? Consider how I am placed. I am a gentleman and well connected. My people are tolerably high in life, and I have a Government situation. It may lead—there is no saying to what it may lead. It is a position that necessitates my taking a place in the fashionable world. That single indiscretion in early youth weighs like a millstone attached to my neck. I try to forget, to make light of it. I cannot. The possible consequences are ever before me, and just now anything approaching to a *dénouement* would be fatal."

"Then why the deuce did you come here and risk all?"

"That is just what I—I ask myself—you know how one feels on the edge of a precipice, an irresistible desire to cast oneself down. I really could not help myself. I felt that I must come here and see and hear how matters stood, so as to take my social—my moral bearings—from circumstances. I would do what is right—strictly honourable and right—but I don't want to hurt my prospects. One must always look to one's prospects in the regulation of conduct, moral conduct, you understand. A thing cannot be right which hurts one—can it?" He put up his eye glass. "I ask you as a moralist."

"My dear sir," answered the boatman, "you leave all to me. I am your man, devoted body and soul. No one else knows all the ins and outs as I do. Leave me to manage for you."

"You have always paid her the annuity in quarterly instalments, or monthly, if preferred. I sent it you quarterly."

"Regular as the tides."

"You tell me that she has asked to have it increased. I cannot say but there may be some reason in this, nevertheless I want to be assured that there are to be no undue exactions which might become insupportable." He dropped his glass.

"It shall go no further."

"I hope not." Again up went the glass, and he scrutinised the face of the ferryman. "But, you see, I am in her hands. She can squeeze me till all my juice runs out. If it became known that I had married her, and she were, *par exemple*, to arrive in town and assert her rights as my wife, what should I do? What would my people say? What would they think in the office? And especially at present when I have cause to be sanguine. My expectations are so well grounded."

"Expectations, Mr. Holwood?"

"I have a rich aunt, a maiden lady, who thinks very highly of me and my abilities. She is proud and pedigreish—if I may coin the word. She would never forgive me—never—if she knew that I had united myself to an individual, however well-favoured, without ancestry—a fisherman's daughter, and not able to read and write!"

"Sir," said Dench, "with all due respect be it spoken, but I think you are vastly indiscreet in coming here under these circumstances. It is now eighteen or nineteen years since you have been here, and you ought to have kept away altogether."

"I felt—hem!—that I must be satisfied. I did not rest easy, not knowing to what extent demands might grow. I desired greatly to learn something about her, and to find out if some compromise might be effected. Is it possible to get her to leave England?"

"No, sir. Not now that she has taken up with that smuggling Captain Rattenbury."

"You stick a knife into me. Has she gone utterly to the bad? I would have done anything, anything in reason for her, if she could have maintained herself in respectability. I have sent her money regularly, as an annuity, paid through you. You have paid her punctually?"

"To the day—quarterly."

"It would be simply fatal were she to appear on the *tapis*."

The gentleman pulled out his breast-pin and poked into the tube of the key in quest of a lodgment there, blew into it again, and replaced the pin. His long white fingers shook nervously.

"See here, sir," said Dench, and drew a seat to the fireside, whereupon Mr. Holwood put one hand behind him, the other between his knees to the chair, and turned the chair and himself about, so as to face the boatman. "Jane don't believe as she was properly married. Says I to her—my dear, he was under age, a mere boy."

"But it was not so. I was twenty-one."

"Well, well, sir, she supposes you were not, and that suffices. Says I to her, in the eye of the law, that did for you. It was no marriage at all. And then again, says I, where did it take place?"

"In Rousdon church."

"True you are, sir, but was not the church ruined? The roof was off, and no service was ever said in it. She knows that, and in the eye of the law, says I, a church don't hold good if the roof be off."

"It is not so."

"Never mind. She has been led to think so. Then, said I, that is not all, the parson had been unfrocked by the Bishop. And in the eye of the law—"

"But was he so?"

"My dear sir, I don't know. But she thinks it is so; that is all we need concern ourselves about. You see, sir, we have her here with that blessed marriage, undermined in three ways, and she is convinced it was a take in and nothing further in the eye of the law."

"If it had been only as you say!" Mr. Holwood put two hands to his chair, lifted it and himself together till he had straightened his legs, then set it down again, with himself upon it. "If it had been so, I should have been greatly relieved. But it was a marriage, irregular in law, yet valid—"

"In the eye of the law," put in Oliver.

"Exactly so, exactly. That is my trouble. I move in such good society, and my aunt is worth from two to three thousand a year, and if she came to hear of this she would leave it all to another nephew, a cousin, a curate steeped in Methodistical notions. If he got an inkling of it—he is a very serious man, and wouldn't dance or go to a theatre to save his soul—he'd go post haste and tell her about me, on principle, of course, and spoil all my chances."

"Then, sir, there is nothing to be done but leave the matter wholly in my hands, as it has been heretofore."

Mr. Holwood looked into the fire, and his chin retreated behind his stick. Presently he said dreamily, "I should have liked to have seen her—just once more to see her, you understand, without being seen."

"Impossible," said Dench, and struck the floor with his foot. "Sheer lunacy."

"But—the little girl. What is she like?"

"Like her mother."

"It could not be contrived, I suppose, that I should see her?"

"It cannot be done, sir, with safety. That girl is as keen as a razor."

Mr. Holwood fell to further musing, his weak face assumed an expression of profound discouragement. Presently he said, rather to himself than to the ferryman, "Like her mother, and getting on to the same age. Oh, my God, after all these years, to see the same face in its freshness again. Has she her mother's wonderful eyes?"

"Just the same."

"Dear—dear me! and in her ways, her character—?"

"Her mother all over, headstrong."

"Yes, she was headstrong and passionate. She frightened me." He put his hand to his brow. "Merciful powers—one early indiscretion has been the ruin of my life, of my prospects. I have been unable to marry, and very desirable matches have presented themselves. One in particular—highly connected, a family of great influence with the Government, and with a handsome fortune. My attentions have been marked and remarked upon, they have possibly been too pointed; but nothing has come of it, because nothing can. I am obliged to hold back. I cannot contract a new alliance, lest this affair here should transpire, and if that Methodistical cousin of

mine had but the inkling of a suspicion he would rot about till he had turned everything hidden to the surface; on principle, of course.

—I suppose had I ventured to brave the chances and to marry again I might have incurred transportation. I am debarred happiness, preferment. I am in danger of losing my aunt's inheritance. I am tortured by these incessant demands, and by not knowing how to impose a limit. Would you mind holding a light? I am confident there is a comfit in this key. I had some loose in my pocket, flavoured with roses, pink in colour, to keep the breath sweet."

Oliver lighted a candle and held it whilst his visitor explored the key with his breastpin after the comfit. Then the gentleman blew into the tube again.

Dench observed him attentively as he was thus engaged, and a slight curl expressive of contempt formed on his lips.

"No," said Mr. Holwood, raising himself and the chair together, "there is nothing in the key. It is with me also as though something—a lump, not a comfit, not at all rose-flavoured—were in me, and I cannot get it out. It was sweet, too, once. Tell me something about Jane. Has she got to look old?"

"Well, sir, she is still a fine woman, a very fine woman. She has lived in a cottage on the cliff, but you know what our chalk cliffs are, how given to crumble. Hers was so near the edge that it was unsafe; she has been forced to leave it. I have not been there, but I believe a wall gave way."

"Poor Jane, poor Jane," said Mr. Holwood dolorously. "I am listening, Dench; tell me more. Has she been—on the whole—steady?—I would say—broadly speaking, respectable?"

"Well, yes, sir, so far. She has had the girl properly educated, thanks to your liberality. She has also sent her to church. Jane herself cannot read nor write. You may remember—in the register she set a cross for her mark. I can't say I have seen her much at church myself."

"Ah!" said Mr. Holwood, "I always go to church; but," he sighed, "the lump is still there, like the comfit in the key, and will not out."

"Where are you staying, sir, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"At the Red Lion."

The ferryman smiled. "With Mrs. Warne," said he, "that is the hostess who has had some trouble with Jane."

"You don't mean to hint that she—she was—hem! was in drink?"

"I can't say what it was. I was not there at the time, but I heard talk about it. Mrs. Warne had to threaten to send for the constable to remove her."

Mr. Holwood sighed. "Bless my soul, how sad!"

"And at Nethersole's farm it was wusser. They had a to-do to prevent her from firing the ricks."

"Under the influence of—of liquor?"

"I did not inquire. I hear she made a bobbery as well at Thomas Gasset's. I am pretty sure, sir, that the best course for you is to leave Seaton as speedily as possible. Mrs. Warne does not know your name, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! I have given no name."

"Well, sir, leave everything to me. Why should you, a gentleman, and connected with the Government, be troubled about such scurvy matters as these? I will continue to act as go-between, and Jane Marley shall never know that you have been here, and doing her the honour to inquire about her. She thinks you still abroad, Governor of—what is the place—Australia?"

"Terra del Fuego. To this we agreed it should be," said the gentleman dejectedly. Then, after a long pause, he said, "Does she now happen to entertain any hopes, any desires, of seeing me again? Does she ever express a wish for renewal of our old relations?"

He had his key against his tongue twisting it about.

Verily the only thing about the man that was braced and taut were his lavender trousers, strained by the straps under his soles.

"Mr. Holwood, sir," said Dench, "no; frankly, no. Not a wish, not a thought but to fasten her nails in your face, and tear your bottle-green coat off your back, as a wild cat might do. She loves you no more, she just about hates you with all her flambustical temper. Certainly she don't want to see you again, least of all since she's took up with this Captain Rattenbury."

Mr. Holwood winced. He wiped his lips with a silk kerchief and then his tall brow.

"If she were to see you, sir, it would be just like the sons of Sceva the Jew, as we read of in Scripture, and the possessed of the devil."

"Merciful heavens! Such an incident! if it should get into the papers! If that curate cousin of mine were to hear the faintest whisper of it his ears would go up like windsails."

"Then, sir, go back to the Red Lion, and at daybreak take the coach for Axminster, and thence to town. Leave me to manage matters, prudently, secretly, economically. And trust no one else."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON THE PEBBLE-BEACH

MR. HOLWOOD was unable to sleep that night. Before leaving the ferryman's house he had resolved to depart for town by the coach on the morrow, and he had given orders to be called early, and to have some breakfast got ready for him.

But as he tossed in bed the past rose up before him in vivid colours, bringing with it wafts of old sentiment and tremours of old emotions. Scenes of happiness and of error revealed themselves to him bathed in light. Faces rose out of the past and looked at him reproachfully. Perhaps an old fibre in his heart that had once quivered with love was again in vibration.

"Poor Jane," he said, and turned in his four-post bed. "Poor Jane, would that I could but see her, myself unseen, once again."

Then he racked his brain devising impossible schemes for catching a glimpse of her without allowing himself to be recognised. Next he fell to wondering what his child was like, a child he had never seen, never held in his arms, never kissed, and, in a manner strange to him, he was aware of a void within. He became conscious, as he never had been before, of responsibility, of the terrible truth that not only had he marred his own happiness, but that he had brought about the ruin of another, an innocent victim; and in addition that he would have his child's soul to answer for.

He turned again in bed. A fire burned in the grate, strange figures on the wall. Reflections as eyes which shadow like an arm seemed to be warning or reproaching extended finger.

He raised himself in bed to draw the curtains to a shadow, but they would not meet, and still between them he saw the hand stretched forth signing to him. Unable for it he left his bed, went to the hearth, and for a shadow was caused by the handle of a saucepan left at his desire to furnish him with warm water in the morrow.

Having arranged the pan that its shadow should not follow him, he returned between the sheets, fell into an aimless tangle of hopes and fears, lapsed into sleep, and if he heard the knocking of the maid at the door, took it for a troubled dream, was not roused, and slept on, till full two hours after the coach had gone.

There was now no help for it. He must spend another day at Seaton. If he posted to Axmouth, it would not be till full two hours after the coach had gone.

He dressed leisurely, resigned to the situation, and as careful and painstaking about his clothing. He sent for a barber to shave his lip and chin, to curl his whiskers, and his hair so as to disguise incipient baldness.

Then he descended, very spic and span, dangling his glass on his finger, to the coffee-room and rang for breakfast.

In the same leisurely fashion he proceeded to eat his chop, and to dip his toast. Occasionally he set his glass and raked the walls, to take cognizance of the hunting dogs decorated them. Having finished his meal, he straddled back, shook his legs, contemplated himself, and above all of his whiskers, in the mirror; took out a note-book, twined the lead in his gold pencil-case, applied it to his tongue, his notes, recollected that he had as yet no account to remark to jot down, and returned the book to his pocket, and back the lead of the pencil.

Then he rang for his beaver and overcoat, was fitted, and the latter, ordered lunch, was handed his umbrella, and said to him.

He was shy of going to the ferry, and letting Dench see he had failed to catch the coach, so he engaged a boatman to take him to Lyme Regis.

"I will walk back along the shore," said he.

"You will find it unpleasant walking, sir," said the boatman, "there are no sands, nothing but shingle."

"Ah, well! Not so far as Lyme. You may set me down at the mouth of the Chesil, where I will walk thence. I rather like shingles. Indeed, I rather like them."

After he had been on the water for a while, Mr. Holwood said, "Put me down at the dip of the cliffs by Rousdon."

"You know the coast, sir?"

"Ah!—Hem!—Yes, I have studied a map. When you set me on shore, row back and await me at the mouth of the Chesil, where I will walk thence. I rather like shingles. Indeed, I rather like them."

"Very well, sir."

The row was comparatively short, and Mr. Holwood stepped ashore at a pretty piece of wooded undercliff, where it dipped and allowed a path to descend to the beach.

"I will pay you on the Chesil Bank, at my return," said Mr. Holwood, and the boatman touched his cap and turned.

When the man was at a distance, Mr. Holwood, who had been his departure, looked around him, and took a few steps along the strand.

All was much as it had been years ago, save that the shrubs, the trees, the herbage had been thrilling with life, and life had ebbed away, leaves were fallen and strewed the grass, and the grass was grey and sapsless.

The sky was not so blue nor the sea so full of twinkles, and gulls so full of jocund play now as then. But the outlines of the cliffs, the features of the shore, were the same: reef and rock, one of torn seaweed and pounded shells still marking the side, the savour of the sea, the murmur of the waves, these were the same.

There lay a mass of fallen rock a little way off—chalk with flints in it, and behind there was wont of old to be a pool, the retreating tide, in which delicate pink and green weeds floated, and where a few left crabs ran along the bottom.

He looked at it with a swelling heart.

He remembered that rock. A portion of it, facing the low and level, and formed a seat. On that he had sat many a time ago, looking seaward, and then—not alone.

He removed his beaver. There was a holiness in it, sanctified by sweet, loving, pure remembrances, when the open door, and pulses beat with hope, and the sun was warm.

Mr. Holwood wiped his brow, and let himself down on the stone.

"Merciful Olympian powers," said he in a low tone, "it was here—here it all began."

He set his hat with curved brim on the pebbles at his feet, looked for the little pool—but it was gone, filled with stones. He rested his head between his palms, and his fingers played a tattoo on his temples.

At that moment the past was intensely vivid.

A barbed past can never be cut out of the memory, behind its fangs, its canker. It may be covered over, gotten, but it reasserts itself inevitably, excretingly, and begins to ooze forth and the wound to gape.

It was so now. On this piece of chalk he had put his hand, Jane's waist and spoken his love into her ear. There lay pebbles and a ribbon of torn weed, there in a crystal had seen her frightened face reflected—and into it her hand had fallen.

In all this there was naught to sting and stab. But he felt something further.

It was here, on this same shelf of chalk, that he had sworn to her she confided to him that she would be a mother—that she would stand by herself and her child through life, and he had sworn with the deliberate intent of breaking it.

This was the story.

When Joseph Holwood had passed his final exam at Oxford, he had come to Lyme Regis for a change of scene.

His family possessed some influence, and it was an assured thing that he should have a situation in one of the Government offices. He possessed a small income of his own, not sufficient to maintain him in luxury, but this, added to a salary derived from his appointment, would make his position easy.

Till he received his nomination—he was promised one in the Foreign Office—he resolved to recruit after his studies, amuse himself at Lyme, boat, fish, bathe, and think of nothing.

So he went there, and spent some summer months in idleness, and in that summer weather and relaxation from all care met Jane Marley, a beautiful girl with large rich brown eyes, a ripe complexion, glorious dark hair, and a regal carriage. An atmosphere of romance surrounded her. Her father, who was dead, had been a smuggler. Her brother had been quite recently shot in an encounter with a preventive officer, and she had been left alone, without a known relative in the town of Lyme. There was an independence and an intensity of character in Jane that imposed on the young man. She was a girl not to be trifled with, but one to impose respect. Joseph Holwood fell madly in love with this magnificent girl, and on this very stone he now occupied had declared to her his passion, its honourable nature, and had wrung from her consent.

Above, on the heights, was a parish church, St. Pancras, Rousdon, a sinecure, as there was no population within the parish bounds, and the church had been suffered to fall into decay, and nothing remained of it but crumbling walls and unglazed windows.

In this ruined building a disreputable incumbent of the living, who resided in Lyme, and picked up stray guineas for odd duties elsewhere, was induced to marry the couple for a bank note of five guineas, without licence and without banns.

Holwood had enjoined the strictest secrecy on Jane; he had assured her that his relatives would throw him over, do nothing for him to obtain a situation under Government should they get wind of his marriage. Later on he assured her that so soon as he had his foot on the ladder and was independent of his family acknowledge his marriage he would.

The only man in the secret had been Oliver Dench, a comrade of Jane's father.

For a while Holwood had been intoxicated by his happiness, but reflexion returned with sobering effect.

He received a summons to return to town. His appointment had been gazetted. He left Lyme with many assurances to Jane that he would shortly return.

Not till he reached London, and was among his friends and kinsfolk, did he realise how grave had been the step he had taken. He had left Lyme full of generous resolution that became limp directly he arrived in town. Surrounded by old associations, in the cultured drawing-rooms of the capital, he felt the incongruity of his marriage. He dared not bring Jane to London. To do so would be to affront his kindred, to exclude himself from society, and to bar his prospects of advancement.

He could not pluck up courage to acknowledge what he had done; he postponed doing so till more convenient. The cowardice which interfered with his doing what was right induced boldness in doing that which was wrong. He returned to Lyme more than once, but was no longer happy with his wife, and under the plea that his duties recalled him, made but short stays with her. He dared not even hint his unwillingness to acknowledge her. His restless manner, his decay of cheerfulness, filled her with apprehension.

One day, on this very stone, she had told him of her expectations, thinking thereby to give him pleasure, and to bring from his heart a new wave of tenderness. Then he had sworn to her to stand by her and her child, and he had taken this oath after having already arranged with Dench to forsake her. He had talked over his embarrassment with Oliver, and had settled with him to be his paymaster, and give quarterly to Jane such sums as would be forwarded to him.

Jane had sufficient sense to recognise that the social conditions of herself and her husband were very different, and she had plucked up sufficient courage to speak to him about it.

"Joseph," she said, "I understand that you are a gentleman and a scholar, and have grand relations. I should be miserable among them. They would laugh at me and my country ways. That would make you angry, and in defending me you would get across with them. Joseph," she continued, and laid her hand on his arm, and looked into his face with tear-brimming eyes, "Joseph, let it be thought that I am not your wife, only come often to me; come to me and to your child. I do not ask for more. I know that I am an honest woman: but it is no odds to me if my good name suffer rather than that you should be put into difficulties. I can bear that, but I cannot bear to lose you."

It was on her saying this that he had protested fidelity whilst falsehood was in his heart, and from that hour he had not set eyes on her.

Oliver Dench acted throughout as intermediary. In the first place, he induced Jane to remove from Lyme Regis, and out of Dorsetshire into the adjoining county, and to settle in a cottage on the cliff above the sea. That was one thing gained.

Then he told her, what was false, that the marriage was invalid, as Joseph Holwood was under age, as the parson was under suspension, and as the church was no longer employed for divine service.

She had believed him, and had submitted, but she was restive and incredulous at the suggestion that she was abandoned.

Oliver Dench brought her money when the first payment arrived, and she had taken it without scruple, as she clung to the belief that Joseph was detained by his official duties, and that his absence was not premeditated.

But when, slowly yet surely, the conviction was formed in her that he had deserted her and would never return, never acknowledge her or his child, then she refused to receive any more money sent from him. No—if Joseph Holwood repudiated her, in her wrath, her resentment, she declared she would accept thenceforth nothing from him.

When the next quarterly payment arrived, Dench brought the money to her; it was rejected with scorn by the proud and suffering woman. Then the temptation to appropriate it to himself had been too strong for the boatman to resist, and thenceforth, as it arrived, he had retained it for his own use.

Once, some years later, a qualm of conscience had come over Oliver, and he had sought Jane Marley, with a proposal to supply her with money for her child from Mr. Holwood. He, so he said, was settled far from England as Deputy-Governor in Terra del Fuego. But again, and finally, she had refused. Thenceforth he had felt no further scruples.

Joseph Holwood was unaware, as he sat brooding on the chalk shelf, that his conduct towards Jane had done him more serious mischief than if he had acknowledged his union. This might have damaged his prospects, but that had blighted his character.

As a young man he had exhibited some talent and a certain amount of energy. He had taken a good place in the schools. His conduct at the University had been irreproachable. He had right inclinations, an amiable disposition, and no vicious propensities. Under favourable circumstances he would have become a useful public servant. But his treatment of a confiding and innocent woman, his broken promises, had permanently lamed his character. He had lost clearness of moral perception, and his resolution was radically enfeebled. Thenceforth infirmity of purpose had become a feature in his character. He had not been pushed on in his department, because he had proved himself to be capable only as a hack.

He had never married, to the surprise of his friends, but had stumbled into not a few sentimentalities with ladies, had tottered almost to the point of proposing, and then had, abruptly and inexplicably, retreated without committing himself.

He was sensible of the insecurity of his position, and indulged in a sneaking regret that his relation to Jane had been no other than a passing intrigue.

As he thus mused and was unhappy, maundering over the past, he observed a girl engaged on the shore picking up and examining pebbles. She kept close to the line of the retreating tide, so as to be able to select among the stones whilst wet. Some of these she cast aside after a cursory glance; over others she hesitated, holding them to the sun, and then dipping them again in a hissing wavelet that swept to her feet. A few she retained and deposited in a pouch slung at her waist. As she drew nearer, something in her appearance, something in her manner, something in her gesture arrested, then riveted the attention of Mr. Holwood, and starting up and advancing towards her he gasped:

"Gods of Olympus! Oh! if it should be *her* child and *mine*!"

(To be continued)

## Our Supplements

MR. PHIL MAY'S clever sketches, which form one of our supplements this week, bring back reminiscences of many pleasant wanderings in Normandy, and make one long to be up and away out of an overheated, jaded London. Whether tastes lie in the direction of sketching, as with the man in the picture, or the artist himself, whether one is a student of human nature searching for types, or whether one is merely a confirmed loafer anxious to loaf in a fresh place and in fresher air, *Picardy* will be found to supply the want. As to how one should see the country when there that is another matter, but certainly not in the manner adopted by the gentleman in our second supplement. The proud possessor of one of those abominations which pursue their noisome way down our country roads, polluting the air, disturbing harmless cyclists, and raising such a dust as not even the most offensive scorchers could produce, he came out of a hostelry after a refresher to find that his steed had bolted. A runaway motor-car, in the sequel, would appear to be more dangerous than any other animal, and M. Moreno's drawings make one realise a new danger. A runaway horse on a country road would be pleasant pastime compared to this havoc. But after all, as far as the rider is concerned, he who would tour the country sitting on the boiler of a steam, petroleum, or electric engine, braving the risks of explosion or what not, should fear nothing in addition. He should be prepared for anything except, perhaps, to judge from this victim's face—paying for damages.



The casket given by the Fishmongers' Company to Lord Kitchener was presented in recognition of his distinguished services in the Sudan and is designed in imitation of old English metal work. It is oblong in shape with foliated brackets at the corners, on a heavily moulded base, and surmounted by a heavy and richly decorated cornice. The massive shaped cover is relieved by decorated panels and mouldings, terminating in a pedestal supporting a winged figure of Fame presenting a laurel crown. On pedestals at each end of the body of the casket are figures in pairs, correct models of a British Grenadier, a British Bluejacket, an Egyptian and a Soudanese native soldier. The moulded panels on front and back contain portraits of General Gordon mounted on a camel and Lord Kitchener, Sir Evelyn Wood and General Grenfell on horseback, all executed in repoussé. The figures, panels, and decorations are all gilt. Between the panels in front are the Arms and supporters of the Fishmongers' Company in enamel. The work has been executed by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, 73, Cheapside, from the designs of G. F. Bodley, Esq., A.R.A.

LORD KITCHENER AND THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY

## International Athletics

THIS year the Old Country has its hands very full of international sports and pastimes. The foreign and colonial crews at Henley were disposed of fairly easily, but the struggle with Australia on the cricket field, the contest between *Shamrock* and *Columbia* for the *America* Cup, and the meeting between the combined teams of Harvard-Yale and Oxford-Cambridge at Queen's Club to-day (Saturday), are events in which England has to fight hard for the lead, and in which it is no false modesty to declare that our victory is far from being certain. The meeting between the American and English Universities naturally suggests a comparison with the meeting between Oxford and Yale three years ago; but the cautious critic is bound to say that the chances of repeating the Oxford success of that year are by no means assured. On that occasion the meeting was held during a cold and wet month, and these meteorological conditions interfered with the American undergraduates rather more than with their English rivals.

On paper form the meeting should be a very close thing, and should furnish some very good times and finishes. Dealing with what may be regarded as the certainties first, the English Universities do not appear to possess any chance of winning the "Hammer." Boal and Brown (Harvard and Yale) have both thrown over 130 feet, a distance quite outside the powers of Greenshields and Baines (Oxford and Cambridge). The High Jump also should go to America, although high-jumping is a very uncertain performance, and few United States performers, especially with little more than a week to become acclimatised, are able to equal in England the feats which they accomplished in the drier Transatlantic climate. But Rotch of Harvard has frequently exceeded six feet, and his fellow jumper, Waller, has jumped 6 feet 2½ inches. Either of these performances are beyond either Adair or Paget-Tomlinson. In the Quarter Mile and the Half Mile also the Americans' chances look a little better than those of the representatives of England; but they would be more assured if Burke could run his best in both races. The American record-holder Burke has run the half mile in 1 min. 56 secs., which is rather too good for either Oxford or Cambridge, and if he could on the same day run the quarter mile in the 48.2.5 secs. which he has accomplished in the States, then England's chance in both these events would be very small. The probabilities are, however, that Burke will only run in the half mile, with Adams (who has run it in 1 min. 57.3.5 secs.) for second string, and that Harvard and Yale will trust to Boardman for the Quarter Mile, with T. K. Fisher for the second string. Boardman ran the distance on Monday at Queen's Club in 50.4.5 secs., which will take Hollins and Davison of the English Universities some trouble to beat.

Coming to the English "certainties," Vassall and Bevan should have no very heavy task in putting the Long Jump to their account. Vassall is a very consistent jumper, and should beat either Daly or Harrington of America, although Daly once jumped 22 ft 3 in. The Mile and the Three Miles also should go to the English Universities. Workman and Wilberforce should easily outrun and outstay Foote and Clarke in the Three Miles, for neither of the Americans have yet beaten 15 min. 30 sec. for the distance. Hunter and Dawson, of England, are equally superior to the Yale and Harvard pair in the Mile. Spitzer, of Yale, has done 4 min. 28 sec., but Hunter can easily beat this.

This leaves the Hurdles and the Hundred Yards as the events on which the final result depends. In his best form C. R. Thomas, the Welshman, should put this event to his University's credit; but there are rumours that his knee is not quite what it should be, and then the English fortunes would rest with Hind, who is fast on his day, but not faster than Quiglan Blount, or Dupree, of America. If Thomas cannot win, this will be a very close finish—with a handkerchief covering the lot, as the saying goes. One would like to anticipate, but can only hope for a similarly close finish in the Half Mile, where Burke, with Adams and Graham to push him, should almost create a new record. Lastly, there are the hurdles, and here again one may hope with some prospect of the hope being realised that this race may just carry off the odd event for England. Paget-Tomlinson and Parkes are not better on paper than Fox and Fincke of America. The first three of these competitors have run the hurdles in 16 seconds dead, while Fox once ran them in one-fifth of a second less, so that the finish ought to be a tremendous one. But familiarity with the conditions should just give the advantage to Paget-Tomlinson, and if Thomas or Hind can win the Hundred Yards also, the odd event should go to Oxford and Cambridge.

Our portraits of the Oxford and Cambridge teams are from photographs by Gillman and Co., Limited, and Soame of Oxford, and Hill and Saunders and Stearn of Cambridge.

## An Open-Air Entertainment

AN admirable innovation in the way of entertainment is that which is provided just now at the Crystal Palace. Nobody, this weather, wants to be suffocated in theatres, and yet, hot weather or cold, people still crave amusement. The management accordingly have promptly met the requirements of the case by arranging their charming pantomime-ballet in the open air, and as the production in itself is dainty and delightful crowds throng to witness it. What can be nicer on such evenings as these than to sit in the cool grounds of the Palace, and be pleasantly entertained by the colour, variety and humour of this capitally staged little show, which is everything by turns and nothing long, except that it is continuously entertaining, and this whether in a tragedy-comedy or burlesque vein? The whole of the North Terrace is now illuminated at night with fairy lamps, and a visit to the Crystal Palace makes one no longer wonder that theatres are closing their ineffectual doors. We are a conservative nation and slow to make new departures, but given weather such as we are now experiencing, who can doubt that *café chantants* and entertainments generally in the open air would be enthusiastically supported, and that the phlegmatic Britisher would be only too thankful to follow in the steps of his Parisian, Viennese and German friends. There is nothing in his nature opposed to it as some people imagine, and our much-abused climate just now seems disposed to stay on good behaviour.

The English Team

The Elcho Shield Competition

The Irish Team



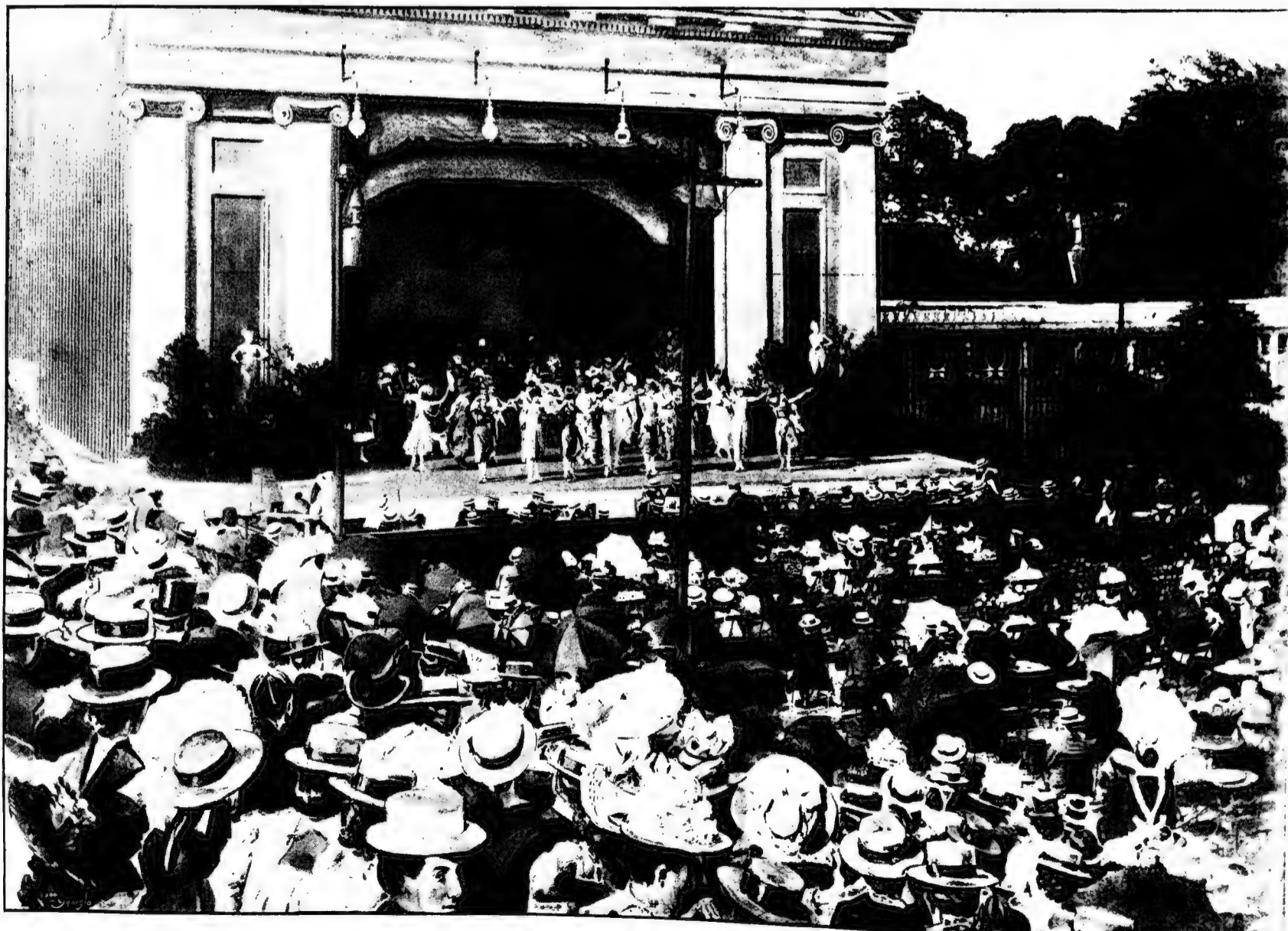
The Bailow Competition

Spectators

Shooting for The Golden Penny Prize

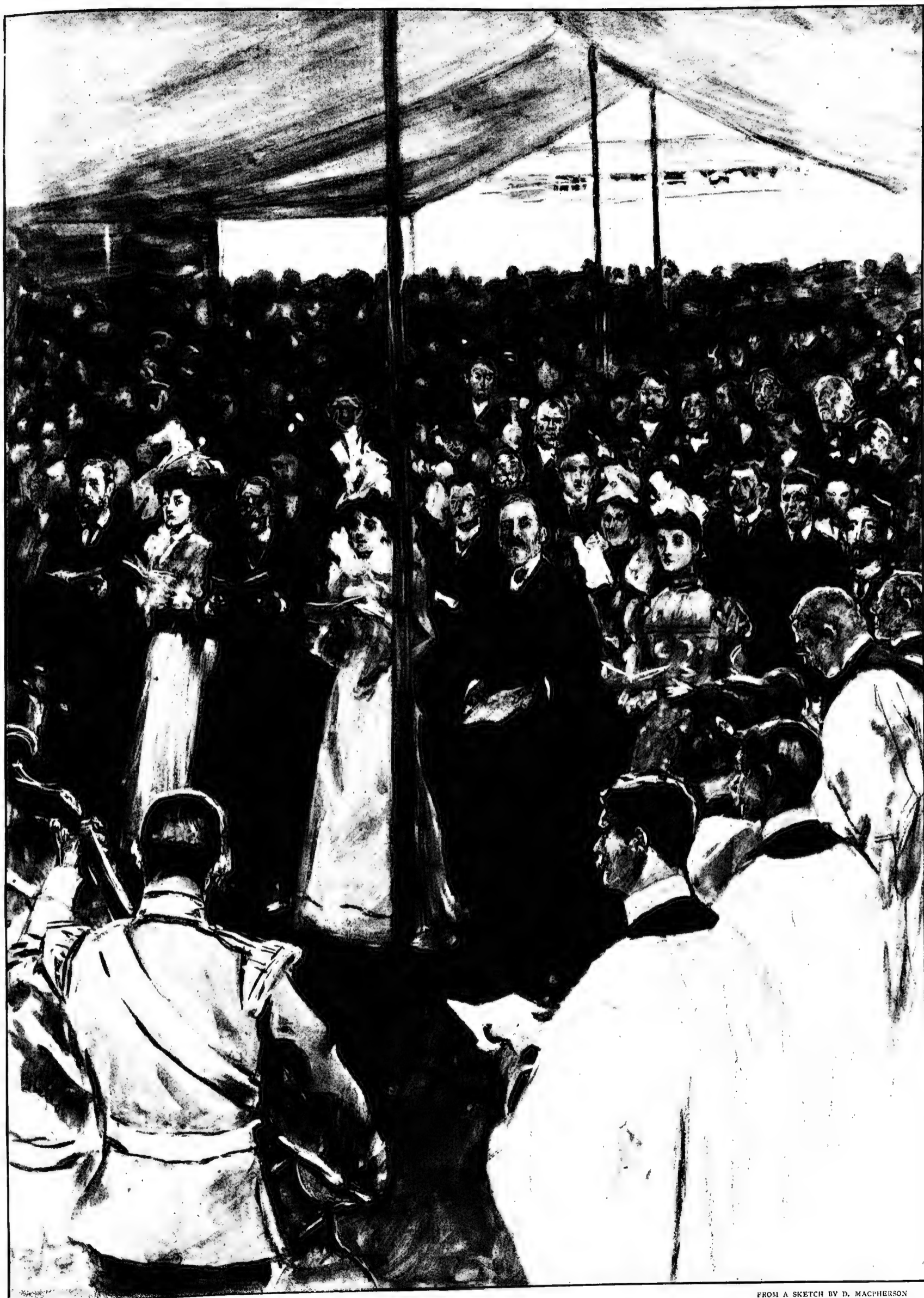
THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT BISLEY

DRAWN BY HERBERT JOHNSON



"A DREAM OF 'WHITAKER'S ALMANACK,'" IN THE OPEN AIR AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



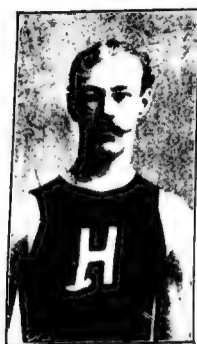
DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACPHERSON

On Sunday, the day before the opening of the Sussex Agricultural Society's meeting, a special Service for herdsmen was held in the showyard, which the Prince of Wales attended. The celebration was conducted in a white canvas marquee erected in the south field on the Duke of Devonshire's estate. The distinguished visitors from Compton Place were allotted seats immediately in front of the semicircle formed by the choir and the band. At five minutes to twelve the Prince of Wales drove up with the Duke of Devonshire, in attendance on his Royal Highness being the Hon. Sydney Greville. For a few moments the Prince stood at

the entrance to the tent awaiting the arrival of the Duchess of Devonshire, and when Her Grace had alighted from her carriage he escorted her to the seat immediately on his left in the centre of the front row. The chair on the Prince's right was assigned to Lady Randolph Churchill. The Bishop of Chichester gave a brief discourse, at the close of which came the final hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war," and when the last verse had been sung the whole congregation, still upstanding, joined voices with the choir in rendering the National Anthem.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO EASTBOURNE; THE HERDSMEN'S SERVICE AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW



F. E. Fox, Harvard  
(Hurdles)



T. E. Burke, Harvard  
(Half Mile)



C. M. Rotch, Harvard  
(High Jump)



W. T. Boal, Harvard  
(Hammer)



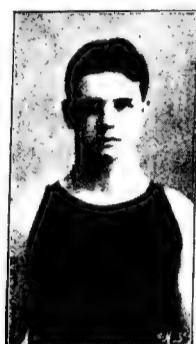
H. B. Clarke, Harvard  
(Three Miles)



T. J. Quinlan, Harvard  
(100 Yards)



A. N. Rice, Harvard  
(High Jump)



C. D. Daly, Harvard  
(Long Jump)



J. T. Roche, Harvard  
(100 Yards)



C. Spitzer, Yale  
(One Mile)



D. Boardman, Yale  
(Quarter Mile)



C. K. Palmer, Yale  
(Three Miles)



P. Smith, Yale  
(One Mile)



T. R. Fisher, Yale  
(Quarter Mile)



W. M. Fincke, Yale  
(Hurdles)



J. F. Adams, Yale  
(Half Mile)



F. A. Blount, Yale  
(100 Yards)



H. R. Parkes, Oxford  
(120 Yards Hurdle)



H. E. Graham, Oxford  
(Half Mile)



G. C. Vassall, Oxford  
(Long Jump)



A. R. G. Wilberforce,  
Oxford  
(Three Miles)



A. L. Danson, Oxford  
(One Mile)



J. M. Freemantle, Oxford  
(One Mile)



C. H. Thomas, Oxford  
(100 Yards)



A. N. Hollins, Oxford  
(Quarter Mile)



H. S. Adair, Oxford  
(High Jump)



E. W. V. Brooks, Oxford  
(High Jump)



J. D. Greenshields,  
Oxford  
(Hammer-Throwing and  
Weight-Throwing)



G. L. Jessop  
(Captain of the Cam-  
bridge Eleven)



S. P. Cockerall,  
Cambridge



A. L. Hind, Cambridge  
(100 Yards)



W. Paget Tomlinson,  
Cambridge  
(120 Yards Hurdle and  
High Jump)



L. R. O. Bevan, Cam-  
bridge  
(Long Jump)



C. F. W. Struben, Cam-  
bridge  
(Half Mile)



A. Winterbotham, Cam-  
bridge  
(Three Miles)



H. Workman, Cambridge  
(Three Miles)



C. G. Davidson, Cam-  
bridge  
(Quarter Mile)



L. O. T. Baines, Cam-  
bridge  
(Hammer-Throwing)



A. Hunter, Cambridge  
(One Mile)

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE v. HARVARD AND YALE: THE COMPETING TEAMS



Our Correspondent, writing from Torbay, says:—"A most wonderful effect was produced when the ships of the Reserve Fleet commenced exercising with their search-lights. Thirty ships were assembled here, each provided with two lights, one on either side. The result was that for many miles around scarcely a spot on land or sea was not brilliantly illuminated."

THE RESERVE FLEET EXERCISING THEIR SEARCH-LIGHTS AT TORBAY

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT, W. T. MAUD

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

As though to make up for the suspension of the naval manœuvres last year, the Admiralty decided that this year not only should the manœuvres be held, but that for strategic importance and for the number of vessels mobilised they should be the most extensive ever undertaken in this country. The announcement at once put the great naval centres—Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham—on the alert, and with the arrival of the first official intimation the machinery of mobilisation began to move—quietly, steadily and without hitch—until the whole magnificent fleet of battleships, cruisers and torpedo-boats was commissioned, provisioned and ready for sea in a marvellously short space of time. At Portsmouth, where, of course, one expects great things of the Navy, great things were done; the men fell in in the early hours of the morning of July 11, the position of each ship's company on the parade ground being marked out; the kits were conveyed and distributed without the slightest confusion; by eight o'clock the crews were on board, and at nine o'clock the twenty pennants of the twenty ships were simultaneously broken. At Chatham eleven cruisers and seven torpedo-boats were mobilised, and at Devonport as many cruisers and nine torpedo-boats and destroyers were got ready with equal smartness and precision. Thus it happened—and it should be matter for rejoicing and congratulation to every true Englishman—while the nation was at its breakfast on the morning of July 11 an immense and powerful fleet of ships of war was manned at three different points and was ready at a moment's notice to go anywhere and do anything. The mobilisation for the manœuvres of 1899 will long be remembered as one of the most successful record-breaking achievements of the navy, and the experience and confidence gained will, as is always the case, enable the navy to "go one better" when an even bigger mobilisation is required.

Mr. Goschen stated in Parliament that the manœuvres this year would be strategic, and the programme of the operations shows that they are carefully planned with a view to bringing out what is of the utmost consequence in naval strategy—the effective employment of cruisers, which are the "eyes" of a fleet.

The principal object of the manœuvres, therefore, is "to obtain information as to the most advantageous method of employing a considerable body of cruisers in conjunction with a fleet." Next to this comes the desirability of "throwing some light on the relative advantages and disadvantages of speed and fighting strength," and, lastly, to obtain information relative to the working of destroyers and torpedo-boats. It must be remembered that since the last manœuvres an actual naval war—that between Spain and the United States—has taken place, and with the incidents of that war in mind it is easy to see that the programme of the manœuvres is intended to elucidate some of the developments which made it so interesting to students of naval warfare.

The "general idea" of the manœuvres is as follows:—A British convoy of

slow ships (represented by the *Calliope* and *Curacao*), under the escort of a first-class cruiser, is on its passage from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Milford Haven, and is under orders to await at a certain rendezvous the arrival of a protecting squadron to bring it safe into port. The convoy must not be taken in tow, must remain in company, and has itself no fighting value, and thus it and its cruiser-escort is anxiously to make its way across the Atlantic and to expect the arrival of the British Fleet. But the enemy's fleet of fast ships is lying at Belfast (the whole of Ireland being hostile territory), and at Waterford, Kingstown, and Belfast is the enemy's flotilla of torpedo-boats. The enemy's fleet and flotilla propose to head off the convoy, capture it, and bring it into Belfast. But in the attempt to do this they have to reckon with the British Fleet, which is more numerous, but not, as a whole, so fast. The British fleet at Milford Haven has to put out and meet the convoy, cover it from the enemy's fleet, and bring it into Milford. The whole coast of England and Wales, from the island of Islay to the Lizard, including the Isle of Man and the Scillies, is British territory, and the torpedo-boat destroyers of the British fleet are concentrated at Milford Haven, Holyhead, and Lamlash. Thus, the torpedo-boats of the enemy in the three Irish ports will have to be tackled by the destroyers of the British fleet, so that the fleet may be able to get to the rendezvous and find the convoy. Such, in plain language, is the scheme of this year's operations, and it will be agreed that it is an interesting and novel plan of campaign. The rival fleets having concentrated at their bases, Belfast for the enemy, and Milford Haven for the British, will be warned by a telegram to prepare for hostilities, and they can then send off their torpedo flotillas to the appointed stations and make such disposal of their main fleets as may seem good to the Admirals in command.

Among the rules of the war game, which are long and technical in their details, the following are especially important:—(1) That an action between any two ships of the same class can only result in putting both out of action. The manœuvres, therefore, will not give much scope for single ship actions or duels such as occurred so frequently in the wars of the past. (2) That a cruiser of a lower class does not count against a cruiser of a higher class, nor can any number of cruisers of a lower class count against even a single cruiser of a higher class. This rule may seem strange, but its apparent object is to prevent the commanders on either side from using their second-class cruisers as fighting units when they should be used only as scouts.

The hostile fleet, called the "A" fleet (the Channel Squadron), is under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Hurrey Rawson, with Rear-Admiral Fanshawe as second in command. It left Portland Harbour on the morning of the 17th for its base at Belfast. The British fleet, called the "B" fleet (the Reserve Squadron), sailed from Torbay on a preliminary cruise on the same day. It is under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Compton Domville, Admiral Superintendent of the Reserves, with Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich as second.

The following is a list of the vessels engaged:—

| FLEET "A"  |  |               |   | FLEET "B"  |  |          |   |
|--|--|---------------|---|--|--|----------|---|
| "HOSTILE" FLEET  |  |               |   | "BRITISH" FLEET  |  |          |   |
| (CHANNEL SQUADRON)                                     |  |               |   | (RESERVE SQUADRON)                                     |  |          |   |
| Battleships  |  |               |   | Battleships  |  |          |   |
| Majestic   | Hood   | Prince George | Mars  | Alexandra  | Hood   | Colossus | Trafalgar   |
| Hammerhead   | Colossus   | Republique    | Resolution  | Colossus   | Trafalgar  | Rodney   | Benbow  |
| Diadem   | Niobe  | Andromeda     | Mersey  | Colossus   | Trafalgar  | Colossus | Thunderer   |
| Thames   | Pique  | Terpsichore   | Argonaut  | Colossus   | Trafalgar  | Colossus | Thunderer   |
| Minerva  |  |               |   | Colossus   | Trafalgar  | Colossus | Thunderer   |
| First-Class Cruisers                                   |  |               |   | First-Class Cruisers                                   |  |          |   |
| Diadem   | Niobe  | Andromeda     | Mersey  | Colossus   | Trafalgar  | Colossus | Thunderer   |
| Second-Class Cruisers                                  |  |               |   | Second-Class Cruisers                                  |  |          |   |
| Thames   | Pique  | Terpsichore   | Argonaut  | Colossus   | Trafalgar  | Colossus | Thunderer   |
| Minerva  |  |               |   | Colossus   | Trafalgar  | Colossus | Thunderer   |
| Torpedo-Boats  |  |               |   | Torpedo-Boats  |  |          |   |
| Sparker  | 84, 71, 76, 77, 66, 79, 42   | Gossamer      | 63, 64, 65, 68, 72, 73, 74, 83                                      | Sparker  | 84, 71, 76, 77, 66, 79, 42   | Gossamer | 63, 64, 65, 68, 72, 73, 74, 83                                      |
| Destroyers   |  |               |   | Destroyers   |  |          |   |
| Leda   | Crane, Chamois, Hunter, Flying Fish, Lightning, Star, Teaser, Sylvia | Niger         | Angler, Haughty, Cygnet, Contest, Janus, Mallard, Porcupine, Dasher | Leda   | Crane, Chamois, Hunter, Flying Fish, Lightning, Star, Teaser, Sylvia | Niger    | Angler, Haughty, Cygnet, Contest, Janus, Mallard, Porcupine, Dasher |
| CONVOY.  |  |               |   | CONVOY.  |  |          |   |
| Calliope   |  |               |   | Calliope   |  |          |   |
| Curacao  |  |               |   | Curacao  |  |          |   |
| A first-class cruiser to be detached from B. .. Escort |  |               |   | A first-class cruiser to be detached from B. .. Escort |  |          |   |

An additional interest will attach to this year's manœuvres from the fact that experiments will be made with the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. The inventor himself is on board the cruiser *Junco* of the "B" fleet with a complete instalment of apparatus, and a similar instalment has been made on board the flagship *Alexandra*, on board of which are two of Signor Marconi's assistants. The two ships are stated to have already been in successful communication with each other by the Marconi system at a distance of over thirty miles.



HER MAJESTY PRESENTING A STATE COLOUR TO THE SCOTS GUARDS

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD R.A.

NOTES BY A GLOBE TROTTER.  
IN PICARDY



SKETCHED  
IN A CAFE

CHARCUTERIE

REFLET



STREET SCENE  
LONGPRE

PIQUIGNY

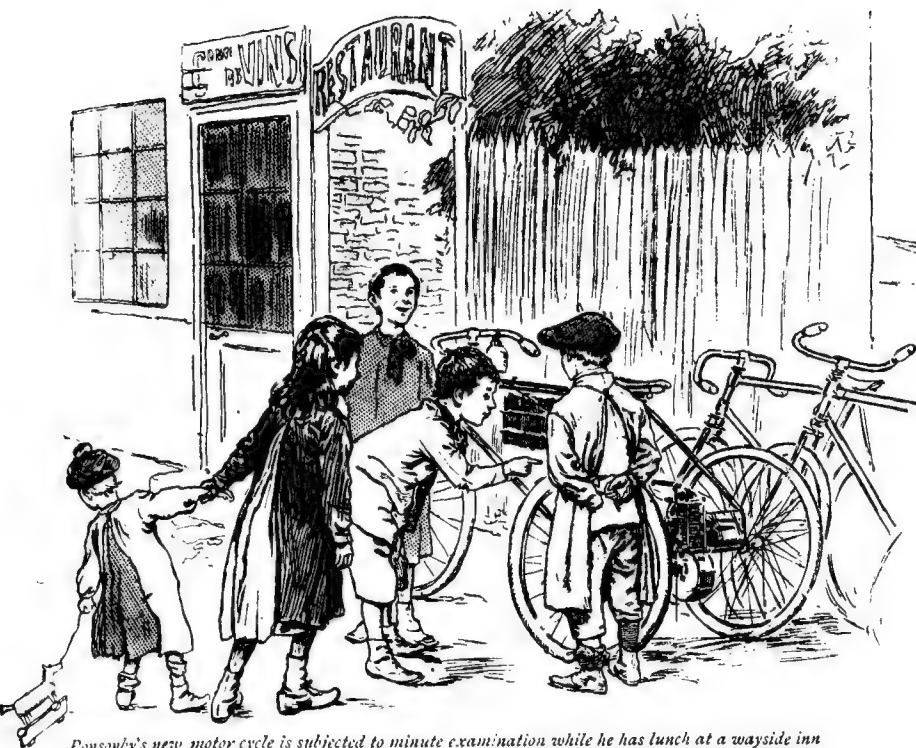


SOME  
SKETCHES  
IN A CAFE



sketches  
at Piquigny

Phil May



Ponsonby's new motor cycle is subjected to minute examination while he has lunch at a wayside inn



Unluckily, though, the children manage to set it in motion. There is outcry and pursuit



But the motor cycle holds its own gallantly, causing much excitement and alarm



Its headlong career is stayed by no obstacles, and its path is marked by destruction



Until, with one final plunge, the machine runs down, and it comes to rest in a barber's shop



Ponsonby's expenses over this little trip nearly ruin him. The number of people who put in claims for damage is amazing

# AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A MOTOR CYCLE

DRAWN BY MORENO



DS AT WINDSOR CASTLE: "THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN"

## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

IMBECILITY at high pressure would be an epigrammatic description of the London season. Either this particular form of "imbecility" is diminishing, or the "high pressure" is slackening, for, year by year, the London season is becoming shorter, and is being taken less seriously than it was. It has been generally remarked that scarcely a member of the Royal family has this season spent a full week in town, and of course the world eventually follows the lead given by Royal personages.

In former days when those whose interests were in the country came up annually to London to meet old friends, make new acquaintances, and marry their sons and daughters, the season was a serious period. Now that there are so many facilities for moving from place to place, London is not by any means the most convenient meeting ground, nor is the summer the most convenient period. Country magnates and country squires can, and do, travel far and near in the course of the twelvemonth, and have no need to assemble in town when the heat is great, the foreign and colonial visitors numerous, and the rents high.

The tendency of the day, moreover, is for the moderate-minded people—country magnates, for instance, and country squires—to stand aloof from London entertainments, whilst a small and continually changing contingent of financiers and notoriety-loving women bear the burden in this direction. Instead of the multitude of balls and parties which were given during the season in former days, some thirty or forty hostesses give great entertainments, over which thousands of pounds are spent. When at length they in their turn have made their social reputation, and are qualified, as it were, to inscribe over their doors, "Established in 1889"—or whatever the year may be—they, too, retire from the contest, and leave it to others to invest their money in attaining social recognition.

The object of an experienced man or woman of the world—from a worldly point of view—is not to know a great number of people but to be known by a great number. The late Mr. Alfred Montgomery, who was not only a very astute and polished man but a witty one, insisted that the social ideal is to be "asked everywhere and to go nowhere, and to be known by everyone and to know no one." That is, of course, an ideal which it is impossible to realise, for few would continue inviting to their house those who never availed themselves of the invitations, and fewer still would remain on friendly terms with those who only recognised them when their fancy compelled them to do so. The habit of collecting acquaintance as children collect eggs or postage stamps is very pernicious, for a large acquaintance entails an enormous amount of onerous duties and leads to a mass of unpleasantness in the shape of misunderstandings and contentions.

Many will hear with pleasure that the muzzling order is to be withdrawn almost immediately, as rabies has been practically stamped out throughout the country. On the other hand, those who have carefully weighed the pros and cons. of the matter will deplore that this regulation will no longer be enforced. To small dogs it has been—apart from the inconvenience caused by wearing a muzzle—a great benefit, for it has prevented large or spiteful dogs attacking them. The muzzle has also been the indirect means of saving the lives of a multitude of dogs, as it has prevented them eating poisonous and injurious matter which they would otherwise have been able to pick up. The storm of abuse which has broken over the head of Mr. Walter Long in connection with this matter shows that sentimental people have not studied the question carefully, as otherwise they would have perceived that a little inconvenience was amply atoned for.

The English have a curious influence on their Continental neighbours. So soon as a district

on the Continent becomes popular with English visitors the excellence of the cooking diminishes, attention gives place to inattention, incivility becomes general, and the price of all commodities and of accommodation is seriously increased. Besides these items a spirit of mistrust is born, the existence of which does not speak well for the honest dealing of our fellow countrymen and women. There were many quiet resorts, for instance, in France where what is known as *bourgeois*

and women and bad cooking, for such a connection does undoubtedly exist.

The long-continued agitation to secure a refreshment kiosk for Hyde Park has gathered additional strength through the success achieved, this season, by the refreshment kiosk in Kensington Gardens. On any warm afternoon, and especially on a Sunday, this season, every table has been occupied around the Kensington Gardens kiosk, and the lessees of that establishment must have made a very considerable profit. If such a kiosk is permitted in Kensington Gardens, why should one not be erected in Hyde Park, where far larger crowds assemble? It is incorrect to assert that West End people object to refreshments being served in the latter park, for it is mostly they who have last season, and during recent weeks, occupied the tea-tables in Kensington Gardens. Besides, the House of Commons has voted a sum sufficient to build the Hyde Park Kiosk, which proves that the Government—which proposed the grant—is in favour of the project.



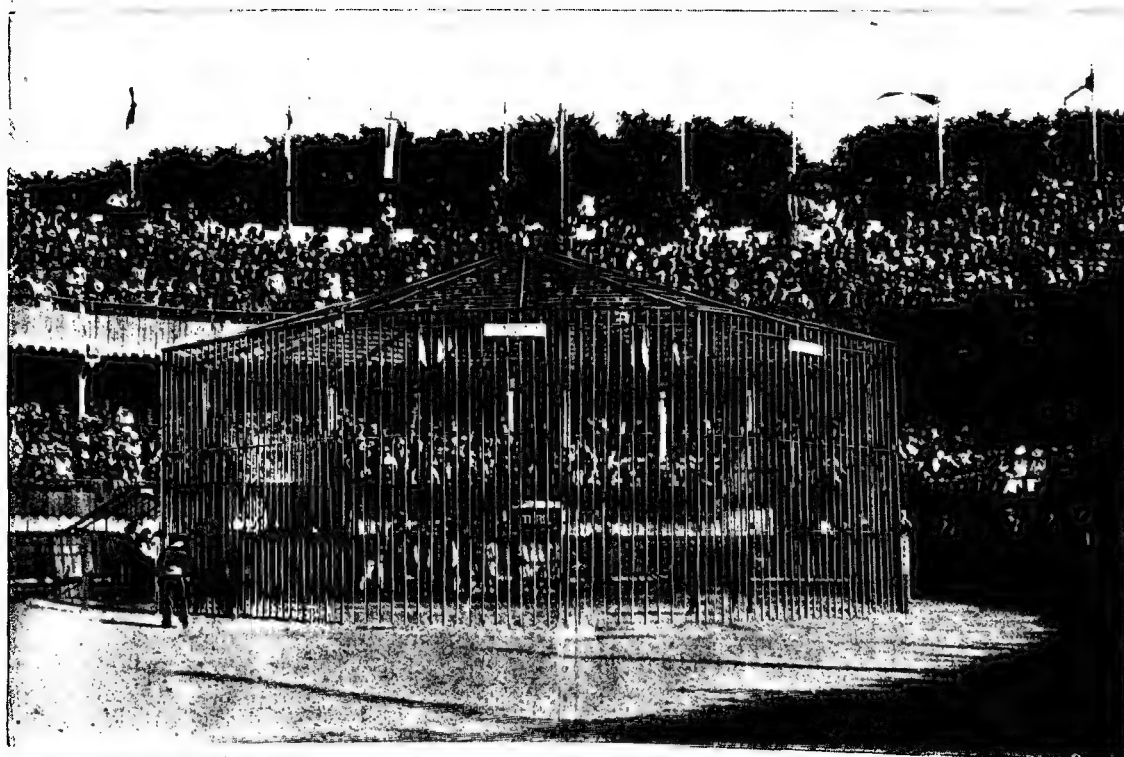
PHOTOGRAPH BY W. GREGORY AND CO., 51, STRAND

COLONEL FLUDYER AND THE STATE COLOUR PRESENTED TO THE SCOTS GUARDS

cooking was excellent, where the hotel proprietors were most attentive and polite, and where prices were ridiculously moderate, until English tourists became familiar, and, since then, these conditions have entirely changed. It would be interesting to discover what is the precise connection between English men

The Duke of Connaught was in command, while Princess Beatrice brought a number of young Princes and Princesses to the ground. A Royal salute soon announced the arrival of the Queen in her carriage drawn by a pair of greys, and accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught and Princess

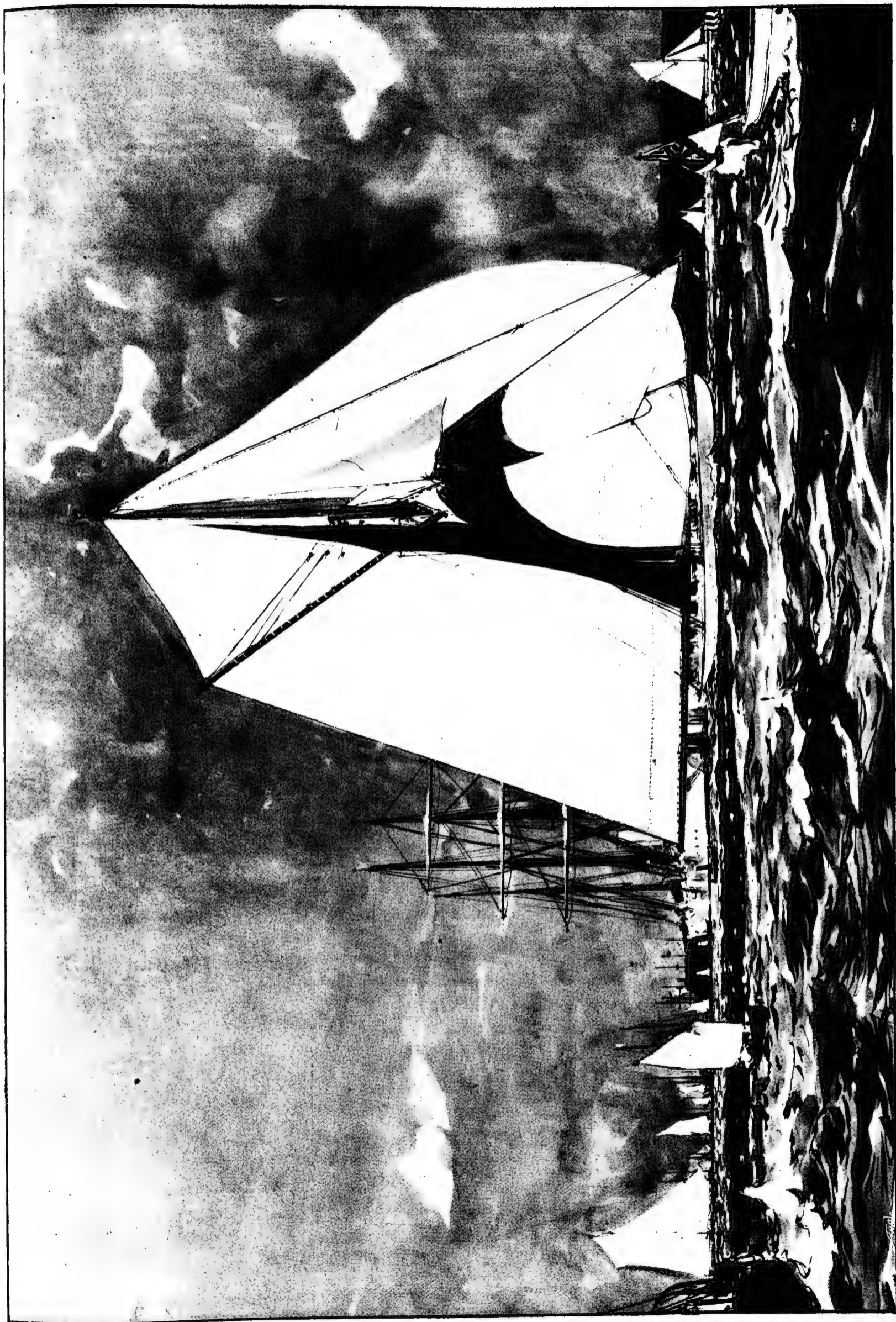
Christian. The Royal carriage stopped at the saluting point, just opposite the new Colour, which was furled, surrounded by a guard and laid on a heap of piled drums. After the Colour had been solemnly consecrated by the Chaplain-General, Dr. Edghill, assisted by the Presbyterian Chaplain, it was handed by the Duke of Connaught to the Queen. With a few pleasant words Her Majesty presented the Colour to Lieutenant the Hon. C. S. Heathcote Drummond Willoughby, who received it on bended knee. The Duke of Connaught made a short speech of thanks, and the flag was unfurled to the regiment, its rich red folds being most effective with their gold-embroideries. The regiment saluted the Colour, which was first escorted back to the corps and then carried past the Queen as the whole regiment defiled slowly before the Royal party. Another Royal salute followed, and when the Duke of Connaught shouted "Caps off," the bearskins were waved in the air, whilst the men cheered their Sovereign. This concluded the ceremony, and the Queen drove away to St. George's Gate to watch the regiment march back to barracks, headed by the Duke of Connaught. Meanwhile the invited guests were welcomed in the Castle, some 500 ladies and gentlemen being entertained in St. George's Hall, and a large party of soldiers' wives having tea in the Orangery.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEON DOUET

The lion and bull fight organised at Roubaix, on the day of the National Fête, was witnessed by some fourteen thousand people, including numerous Belgians, English, and Parisians. Mazzantini, the Spanish toreador, looked after the show. After a few bulls had been put to the sword, the big cage of the lion Goliath was opened, and the Spanish bull darted into it. Goliath seemed dazed. The crowd, the shouting, and then the impetuous rush of the bull cowed him. The bull had been goaded into action, and lost an ear at close quarters with the lion. He succeeded, however, in inflicting a fearful gash with one of his horns on Goliath's flank, and this seemed to thoroughly disqualify the lion, who afterwards positively refused to fight. He bled profusely, rolled on the ground and groaned. Then he tried to climb up the bars of the cage, and, as the bull charged again, Goliath received one of the horns in his mouth, and although he bit it and struck out with his paws, he was evidently vitally affected, and in the last horrors they had witnessed, considered that the lion had not shown sufficient fight.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN A LION AND A BULL AT ROUBAIX, NORTH FRANCE



In the match between *Shamrock* and *Britannia* on Tuesday, the course was from Ryde round the Nab Light, then down the Solent, rounding the Solent Bank Buoy, and finishing between Cowes Castle and Fairway Buoy. When the two yachts came into Cowes, *Shamrock* showed a gain of about thirteen minutes in a race lasting nearly four hours.

THE "AMERICA" CUP CHALLENGER ON HER TRIALS: THE "SHAMROCK" OFF COWES

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

## The Theatres

By F. MOY THOMAS

M. COQUELIN'S engagement at the ADELPHI Theatre has been a great success, financially and artistically. On the occasion of the last performance there was a display of enthusiasm such as the fashionable and decorous audiences at the French plays seldom exhibit, and when the curtain fell upon *La Joie Fait Peur*, which stood last on the programme, the curtain had to be raised no fewer than seven times. With a reticence that might be imitated with advantage by some of our own prominent actors, M. Coquelin remained bowing, and obstinately refused to be drawn into making a speech. The great comedian, who left a gap at the THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS when he retired from that house that is hardly likely to be filled during the present generation, rightly judges that his art speaks for itself. All the resources of that art had been displayed in that one brief afternoon's entertainment. As the ambitious tradesman in Messrs. Jules Sandeau and Emile Augier's delightful satire, *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, he is the typical bourgeois whom the authors imagined, full of shrewdness, and even wit of a certain kind, not ill-natured, but hard and determined when his opposition is aroused, and beset with the ambition to become a Peer of France, a position for which he is fitted neither by his manners nor his knowledge of public affairs. M. Coquelin's performance is a wonderful study, if only from the point of view of the amount of meaning he can put into facial expression. In fact, M. Coquelin's company from the PORTE ST. MARTIN is an excellent one all round. M. Coquelin *fits*, in particular,

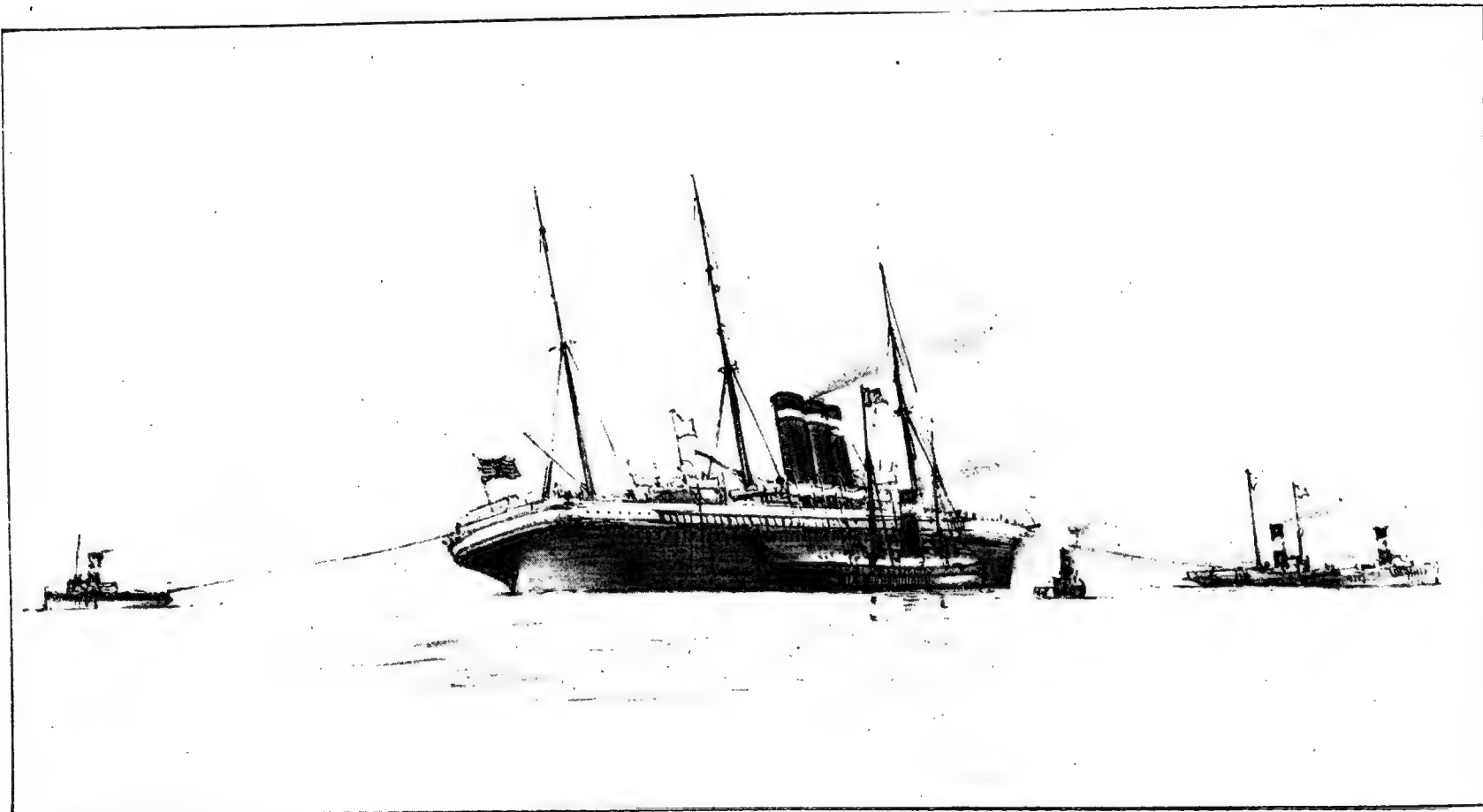
critic, the curious fact that the *dénouement* at the LYCEUM of *Robespierre* was altered at the request of Sir Henry Irving. The reason given is that it was necessary to cut down the piece in order that the audience might get away at a quarter to eleven. In Paris, as is well known, performances last until midnight, and even until the small hours. According to the author's original manuscript, it seems, Robespierre shoots himself in the Hall of the Commune at the moment when Olivier, who is brought there by Robespierre's enemies, raises his arm against him. Clarice is there too, having come from the neighbouring house by a secret passage. Robespierre, dying, says to her: "At all events the child is saved, and you also. Only let me take with me your forgiveness." The mother forgives, as does also the son, who thinks he is merely forgiving his mother's deliverer. At the LYCEUM, by one of those perversions of history that have at all times been held to be permissible on the stage, Robespierre kills himself in the Hall of the Convention. M. Larroumet does not approve of the change, but he admits that the representation at the LYCEUM, which he came from Paris expressly to see, is a very remarkable one, and he observes that the greatest living French dramatic author has supplied the Prince of English actors with one of the best and most characteristic pieces he has written, based upon a superb subject.

Mr. F. R. Benson seems to be doing something for that union between Church and Stage of which so much is heard from time to time. The prospectus of the Shakespearean performances which he proposes to give next year at the LYCEUM Theatre gives a long list of distinguished persons as forming the Committee, and among them are the Rev. Dr. Edwin Abbott, the Rev. Dr. Baker, of Merchant Taylors' School, the Rev. A. B. Boyd-Carpenter, the Rev.

the proposed date of the expedition, which will be watched with interest. It is many years since an actor of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's standing has given performances in our language in the French capital. A few years ago Mr. Daly's company appeared in Paris in *The Taming of the Shrew*, but they, of course, are Americans. It is to be presumed that Mr. Forbes-Robertson's trip will be altered in engagement with Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the PRINCE OF WALES, which begins in September.

Composers of songs that have hit the public taste are in great request just now for the production of comic operas. Mr. S. J. who has written the music of *El Capitan*, at the LYRIC, is the composer of the famous "Washington Post," and now Mr. J. Stuart, of "Little Dolly Daydream" and "Soldiers of the Queen," fame, is collaborating with Mr. "Owen Hall" (Mr. James Duff), the author of the *Grisha*, in a comic opera which Mr. Tom B. hopes to produce at the LYRIC in October next. It is to be called *Floradora*, a name that is given to a perfume out of which one of the characters is supposed to have made a fortune. Mr. W. Edouin and Miss Kate Cutler will take part in the performance.

Mr. Wyndham's farewell to the CRITERION takes place on Friday evening, too late to be noticed in this column. The popularity of the fortunate actor-manager is attested by the long list of distinguished people, headed by the Prince of Wales, who have helped to make his benefit a success. Of course, strictly speaking, it is not a benefit at all, as, in accordance with the precedent he set on a previous occasion of a somewhat similar kind, Mr. Wyndham devotes the whole proceeds to the cause of charity. It is not improbable



DRAWN BY H. S. TUCKER

An unusually high tide has at last been instrumental in crowning with success the efforts of those who have sought to save the unfortunate liner *Paris*. When she was at length found to be afloat, the tugs towed her into deep water, and then brought her to Falmouth. On her arrival inside Falmouth Harbour, the *Paris*

had a heavy list to starboard, and was leaking badly, so that incessant pumping is necessary. Her repairs will be completed at Falmouth preparatory to her being taken to Southampton, and it is expected that the work will occupy three weeks.

### THE SALVING OF THE "PARIS": TOWING THE LINER INTO FALMOUTH HARBOUR

distinguished himself as Poirier's sensible, good-natured old friend Verdet, who, although he has been opposed all along to Poirier's project of an aristocratic alliance for his daughter, has to submit, when the match proves so unfortunate, to be told that it is he who was the cause of bringing it about. The incident illustrates one of the many very human traits in M. Poirier's character. *La Joie Fait Peur*—the story of a son, supposed to be drowned at sea, who turns up so unexpectedly that great care has to be taken in breaking the good news to his mother—is known on our stage in the form of more than one adaptation. It is by Madame de Girardin, who turns the situation round and round as it were, and exhibits by turns, in the most surprising way, all its comic and pathetic aspects. Coquelin's confidential old butler, who is the best of men and the worst of diplomatists, is a finished study, full of human sympathy. There was probably not a dry eye in the house at the ADELPHI when the old servitor fell fainting into the arms of the young master whose return only a minute before he had been so confidently prophesying. During the week M. Coquelin played in other repertory pieces, as they are called, and on one evening he gave no fewer than four recitations, a whimsical piece called "The Gamekeeper's Story," a mystical poem entitled "The Wheelbarrow," and two comic sketches, *The Sub-Prefect in the Fields* and *A Pretty Story (Une Jolie Histoire)*. It was rather cruel of M. Coquelin to select the last piece, as it was a satire upon an Englishman's French, and some of his hearers may have felt implicated. But perhaps he would say that it was only a good-natured bit of fun, and that had as was the French of the imaginary Englishman he imitated, it would compare favourably with his own English. M. Coquelin, it is well known, does not profess to speak our language, although he has been so often in London since his first visit in 1871, at the period of the war.

M. Sardou has confided to M. Larroumet, the distinguished

Canon Barnett, and a number of other divines. Mr. Benson will, as at Stratford, on the occasion of the recent Shakespearean festival, give the whole play of *Hamlet* in halves, the representation occupying two consecutive evenings. Apropos of this, Mr. M. L. Mayer, the well-known manager of French plays in London, who has just, by the way, been presented with the Prince of Wales's portrait with autograph inscription, informs me that he remembers the famous performance at the THÉÂTRE HISTORIQUE, in Paris, of *Monte Cristo*, which also took two nights to perform. The idea was that of old Dumas, who did not see how the incidents of the novel could be got into one evening's entertainment. The first part ended with the death of Faria and the casting of the sack containing Edmond Dantés into the sea. Such was the interest taken in these performances that people waited outside the theatre all night and all day to get seats. The first half was not over until two in the morning, and directly the audience had dispersed people began to assemble round the doors to get places for the performance of the second half.

There were many witty sayings and felicitous phrases in M. Jules Claretie's lecture at the LYCEUM last week, although it cannot be said that he threw much light on the subject of "Shakespeare and Molière." That, however, was not to be hoped for. M. Claretie is no orator, and he is not even a good reader, but his reputation as a writer, which stands deservedly high, secured for him a flattering reception. In the bustle and confusion at the conclusion of the proceedings, when he returned thanks to Sir Henry Irving for presiding, and to Mr. Forbes-Robertson for saying complimentary things about him, M. Claretie made an interesting announcement that seems to have escaped attention. "Mr. Forbes-Robertson," he said, "informs me that he intends to go to Paris to play *Hamlet* there in English." Nothing was said as to

that the takings will amount to 1,500*l.* If so, the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund will be so much the richer.

Pope's *Rape of the Lock* is the subject of a new play in heroic couplets by Miss Clotilde Graves, which Messrs. Harrison and Maude have secured for the HAYMARKET Theatre. Miss Graves is already known as the authoress of a romantic play entitled *Nilocris*, in the style of the late Mr. Fitzball's Assyrian melodrama which was unsuccessful at DRURY LANE Theatre some years ago, and of a farcical comedy, *A Mother of Three*, which proved most fortunate at the COMEDY.

Sir Henry Irving's season at the LYCEUM will close on Saturday next. The house will remain closed for rather more than four weeks, and will re-open on September 2, when Mr. Wilson Barrett will appear there in *The Silver King*, one of the greatest successes of his well-remembered management of the PRINCESS'S Theatre. In Mr. Barrett's company will be Miss Maud Jeffries, Mr. J. H. Barnes, and Miss Lena Ashwell.

The performances at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre have been temporarily suspended. Mr. Nat Goodwin will return there early in September, when the run of *An American Citizen* will be resumed. The season at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, where *The Only Way* has had so successful a run, also comes to an end this evening. Mr. Harvey will, after a couple of weeks' rest, go on tour with that piece, opening at Newcastle.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. George Unwin produced at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre a three-act farcical comedy, *What's More Trouble?* by Mr. W. T. McClellan.



"THE TIDE ON WHICH THERE IS NO RETURN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY TALBOT HUGHES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

In a very short time the London world begins to disperse and wend its way to fresh fields and pastures new. Women as well as men require amusement, and find it in sailing, yacht-racing and shooting. The number of women who go out with a gun or a rifle is increasing. The Comtesse de Paris, whose walking powers and prowess on the grouse moors used to excite the admiration of the Scotch gillies, has ceased to be a curiosity. Many ladies accompany their husbands on shooting expeditions; many go out for a long day's tramp with only an attendant; many are as eager and enthusiastic about sport as their male relations. Gunmakers declare that women rank as some of their best customers, and buy the newest and most up-to-date weapons. The latest fad is the formation of a club where women can shoot clay pigeons, and acquire such skill as will enable them to compete with men at tournaments. It is to be hoped they will never descend to the slaughter of innocent pigeons, a so-called sport which must revolt all sensitive people.

One hardly realises the conventionalities of civilisation until one sees it from the point of view of the savage. The wild man droops and dies after spending a short time in England, where he is hedged in and trammelled by all kinds of, to him, supererogatory and tedious prejudices. An absurd instance of this occurred the other day when a smart Hussar officer, who had brought home a Kafir boy as his servant, impressed on him by signs the necessity for cleanliness. At six in the morning the inhabitants of Sloane Street, had they been so minded, might have been scandalised by the sight of a black man performing his ablutions in the open street. A shocked policeman promptly interfered, and with some difficulty the matter



SIR JAMES VAUGHAN  
Who has resigned his post of Police Court  
Magistrate at Bow Street



MR. THOMAS WRIGHTSON  
New M.P. for East St. Pancras



THE REV. F. W. MACDONALD  
The New President of the Wesleyan Conference



THE LATE RIGHT REV. C. GRAVES, D.D.  
Bishop of Limerick



GENERAL LUIGI GILETTA DI SAN  
GIUSEPPE  
Arrested as a Spy

was arranged. To the native mind, sleeping out, and taking a tub in the street, seem rather virtues, than vices to be punished with fines or imprisonment. Possibly in this hot weather even Englishmen are privately of the same opinion.

The late Duchess of Rutland's sudden death removes one of the most prominent lady workers. Almost the first of society dames to take up her pen in the cause of the poor, she displayed immense enthusiasm and energy in organising coffee palaces, village halls and clubs. Unlike most theorists she thoroughly knew the needs of the rural poor, and had mastered the subject in all its bearings. Naturally kind of heart, she sought the happiness of all around her, and shone the model of a simple and dignified *grande dame*, who abhorred fuss, and never aspired to be "smart." With a genius for organisation which enabled her to be of the greatest assistance to her husband in the management of his estates, she combined great artistic taste, and in her youth was a fine singer. An ardent advocate for temperance, she was of opinion that men and women are best served by being helped together, and not in dissociating their causes. A clear and pleasant writer and contributor to the *Queen* and other papers, she never neglected the duties of her home, or the responsibilities attached to a large family circle.

People make their *début* at a very early age now. Little Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, the daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, made her first appearance in two distinct characters last week. First as a sweet little lady in the train of bridesmaids clad in white at the wedding of Lady Constance Grosvenor, accompanied by two other little girls, daughters of Lady Magheramorne and Lady Southampton. Secondly as a small saleswoman at her mother's show of Scotch homespuns and tweeds, pleasantly on view in the cool gardens of Stafford House. If all purchases could be made under such agreeable circumstances and sold by pretty little maids of five, I fancy ladies would shop even more eagerly and passionately than they do now. Garden parties were all the rage last week, at the Grosvenor House ball, at the Botanical Gardens, at Stafford House and at the Princess Louise's gardens in Kensington. It was on one of the hottest nights of the month that the Duchess of Westminster opened her beautiful house, so that the marquee in the garden was highly appreciated.

## Our Portraits

MR. THOMAS WRIGHTSON, new Conservative member for East St. Pancras, is a cousin of Lord Armstrong and the son of the late Mr. Thomas Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Darlington, Durham. He was born on March 31, 1839, and is by profession a civil engineer. He resided for over thirty years in Stockton, where he was a leading member of the firm and a director of Head, Wrightson and Co., bridge builders. He is a magistrate for the county of Durham, and has been nominated to fill the position of High Sheriff of the county in 1901. Mr. Wrightson had already previously to this fought five contested elections. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

General Luigi Giletta di San Giuseppe is an Italian officer, who was recently convicted of espionage at Nice. He was released by the French Government, but has now been re-arrested by his own Government. He was born in February, 1848, and is a native of the Maritime Alps. During his University career he distinguished himself in mathematics, and he afterwards passed through the School of War with a brilliant record. His promotion was exceedingly rapid, and he was regarded as one of the most promising officers in the Italian Army. He commands the Cremona Brigade of Infantry. General Giletta seems to have had a peculiar taste for espionage, and being a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of Nice he was enabled to gratify his taste to the full. Even when he had no instructions from his own Government he employed himself in seeking out the secrets and weak points of the national enemy. His zeal in this cause, at a peculiarly inopportune time, considering the very friendly relations between France and Italy, has brought him to a melancholy pass in that an outcast in France, he has now been sacrificed as a scapegoat in Italy.

Sir James Vaughan, who has just resigned his office of police court magistrate at Bow Street, has held office there continuously since 1864. He has served with three chief magistrates, Sir Thomas Henry, Sir James Ingham, and Sir John Bridge, and few public servants at the age of eighty-five can look back upon thirty-five years of more able and conscientious work. Sir James Vaughan

## An Artistic Cause

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THAT Monsieur Benjamin-Constant is painting a portrait of the Princess of Wales is good news for more reasons than one. In the first place this artist has the gift of transferring to his canvas an air of elegance and distinction which so many painters lack. In the second place they have to paint a *grande dame*. In the third place, it is time that the presence of our well-beloved Princess should be set on record for the gratification of posterity as well as of ourselves. It is now some years since Mr. Luke Fildes painted his charming oval half-length so well known to the readers of *The Graphic*. It is, therefore, matter for congratulation that Benjamin-Constant's work will in due course be seen by the London public, and that it is to remain, as I understand, in this country.

The matter of portraiture, broadly considered, is likely to be brought prominently forward before the public in the course of a week or two. It is now some fifty years since the late Lord Lytton took a prominent part in the establishment of the National Portrait Gallery and in the subsequent organisation of the three national portrait exhibitions held in the years 1866, 1867, and 1868. Parliament warmly advocated the movement, but ever since it has starved it from that day to this, and if it had not been for the generosity of a London citizen the present collection, housed in the inflammable corridor of South Kensington, and then transferred for years to Bethnal Green, would not even now have been housed in any convenient and suitable spot. At the present time the authorities nominate a very distinguished body of trustees, but take so little other interest in the institution, besides paying, as it is bound to do, for the annual establishment, that it thinks it necessary to do no more than dole out a miserable 750*l.*—the amount granted many years ago—for a great national purpose conceived now in the smallest parochial spirit.

Now, Mr. Lecky—one of the four trustees who are also Members

is a son of the late Richard Vaughan, of Cardiff and Gelly-Gaer, Glamorganshire, and was born in 1814. He was educated privately and at Worcester College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1839. He was chairman of the Election Inquiry Commission for Gloucester in 1857, and for Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1860. During these thirty-five years he has been continuously attached to the Bow Street Police Court. He has presided over many *causes célèbres*, among them being the De Tourville extradition case, the Trafalgar Square riots, and the Liberator case. Sir James Vaughan has sat longer on the Bench than any other Metropolitan police magistrate, and is greatly esteemed by all his colleagues. He received the honour of knighthood in 1897. Our portrait is from a photograph by A. J. Melhuish.

The Right Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, whose death is announced from Dublin, in his eighty-seventh year, received his University training at Trinity College, Dublin. He was elected a scholar of the house in 1832, and, following this up by a high degree in mathematics, he gained his Fellowship in 1836. He was appointed in 1860 to the Deanery of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, by the Earl of Carlisle, the Lord-Lieutenant of the day, and was advanced to the Deanery of Clonfert in 1864. In 1866 he resigned his Fellowship and his other preferments on his nomination by Lord Kimberley to the Bishopric of Limerick, Ardfer, and Aghadoe, a position which he occupied until his death. Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons.

The Rev. Frederick W. Macdonald, who has just been elected to the chair of the Wesleyan Conference, was born at Leeds, and is fifty-seven years of age. Originally intended for the legal profession, he was about to proceed to Cambridge to study law when he was accepted as a candidate for the ministry. After nearly twenty years' most successful circuit work he was in 1881 appointed Theological Professor in the newly established Ministerial College at Birmingham. Here he remained for eighteen years, exerting a wonderful influence on the junior ministers. A vacancy having unexpectedly occurred in the Foreign Missionary Secretariat, Mr. Macdonald was elected to the office. The new president is well known as a brilliant preacher and lecturer. He has been a frequent contributor to current literature. His published works include "A Life of Dr. William Morley Punshon" Our portrait is from a photograph by Cleare, Lower Clapton.

in the Commons—is about to bring the matter strikingly before the House. Of this important correspondence nothing yet need be said except—if anticipation of publication be not on any account indiscreet—that the iniquity (hardly too strong a word) of the present system, stiffened by the parsimonious economy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, appears in a deplorable light. It has prevented the purchase, for a very reasonable sum, of the most desirable full-length portrait of the Queen in her State Robes by Sir David Wilkie—an acquisition all the more proper for the gallery as being one of the few available portraits of Her Majesty by a native artist. There has thus been thrown away an opportunity that is hardly likely to recur. The market for interesting portraits has risen—has, indeed, doubled within the years—quite apart from the quality of the painting; but it is most to be deplored that the effect of the decision of the Treasury is to condemn the Gallery to add henceforward to its collection no portraits at all of first-class artistic merit. The Chancellor's retort (more indiscretion!) that an increase in the gallery of the National Portrait Gallery would involve competition with the National Gallery is so palpably absurd, that such an argument could hardly be found outside the edges of a Treasury letter.

Who is to be Mr. Walter Crane's successor at the Royal Academy of Art is, for the moment, the burning question of the art world. That question I have no desire to discuss in this column. On one point of national interest and importance I desire to draw attention. It is this: No entirely capable man can be found to accept so onerous and harassing a post unless a salary commensurate with that position is offered. The Royal College of Art is the Governmental Ministry of Fine Arts involving the official art teaching of the country; and yet it is sought to pay the chief salary of a clerkship! Mr. Crane could earn many times his official salary engaged at his own work, in which he naturally takes a more profound delight than that inspired by sheaves of documents, reports, and so forth, that are inseparable from the Principalship. So could Mr. George Haldé, Mr. A. Gilbert, Mr. Frampton, Mr. Lethaby, and any other successful artist-designer whose names have been, or could be, quoted in connection with this appointment. If we would have good men we must pay for them; and furthermore, the Treasury must remember that such a man as is wanted is primarily an artist, and is to be treated as such.

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## New Novels

## "IONE MARCH"

MR. S. R. CROCKETT has never—as he explains in his dedication of "Ione March" (Hodder and Stoughton)—known a bad American; nor had he even so much as heard of a mean one till he came across a unique instance in the Engadine. This he pins and labels under the name of Kearney Judd; and it must be owned that the country which produced a Kearney Judd has nothing to fear in comparison with the finest developments of meanness even

where it is least uncommon. "I am not often taken for an American," is a recorded boast of the portrait's original; and, indeed, it is not easy to imagine to what country he would have been credited, in a general way. To the typical Americans in the story not the tenderest skinned of their compatriots can take exception. Mr. Crockett himself tells us, in the same dedication, that they are all "charming." And so they are, from the high-souled Ione March to the feather-brained coquette, but with a heart none the less in the very rightest of places, Idalia Judd, or from the "War-Governor" of Callibraska, to the "hotel drummer," Seth Livingstone, who could give Bayard himself points in chivalry. And that, with such fellow-countrymen, both Ione and Idalia should make love matches with quite ordinary young Englishmen! It seems almost too good to be true, and should make every Englishman feel quite proud on behalf of Keith Harford and Marcus Hardy. The story itself takes its rise in a fancy of Ione, then an apparent millionairess, to earn her own living—a fancy which is destined to turn into very grim earnest indeed. She has to try many experiments in love and life; but none more successfully than her last, when love literally, not metaphorically, proves stronger than death, and wiser than all physicians. There is not the less pathos in the close of the story for its being wholly happy—rather the more.

## "I, THOU, AND THE OTHER ONE"

Three distinct love stories, and the battle of the first Reform Bill, provide plenty of material for Miss Amelia A. Barr's by no means lengthy novel, "I, Thou, and the Other One" (T. Fisher Unwin). Indeed, there is almost over-much for due concentration of interest. The historic and political portion has no essential connection with the love business; while the latter will be felt in the way by readers to whom the former more particularly appeals. Decidedly the strongest portion of the volume is that dealing with a political passion which, nearly seventy years later, is not easy to realise. Miss Barr's picture of a state of things which brought England within prospect of revolution is by no means coloured. The main point of the principal of the three love stories is the victory of a higher and purer love over a lower—a situation with which many, doubtless, will find a more abiding concern than even with the first triumph of Reform.

## "RUPERT BY THE GRACE OF GOD"

Dora Greenwell McChesney's enthusiastic admiration for Prince Rupert has previously been proved. The new romance of which he is the hero (Macmillan and Co.) is based upon an "unrecorded plot"—not wholly, however, without a faint historical suggestion—to make him King in the place of Charles, and upon its possible success but for his own loyalty. The story is supposed to be told by one Will Fortescue, one of those brave young blockheads who are at present most in favour for such purposes, who tumbles into the plot without knowing how or why, and finally dies for his Prince in the wreck of the *Admiral*, leaving the indispensable more or less comic comrade to finish the tale. In manner, including its "periodesque" style, it is an imitation of scores of recent historical romances. But it differs from the run of them in other respects than its being the work of a lady—that is to say, it is written with a sincere enthusiasm for its subject which puts fresh life into an already worn-out mould.

## "THE WHITE WOMAN"

Mr. William Edwards Tirebuck has had conveniently little occa-



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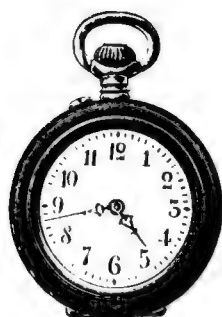
Of white muslin, with lace insertions and white cotton fringe. Trimmed with lace yoke, and black velvet bows. White chip hat with black tulle, feathers, and yellow roses. Narrow waistband of yellow

sion to draw upon his wealth of original fancy in dealing with the manners and customs of the "Azmoos," who may stand for the completest type of West African savagery. Druida Phelps, "The White Woman" of his novel (Harper and Brothers), is an orphan singer who, thrown among the Azmoos by shipwreck, after many exciting and not a few horrible experiences, finally elects to remain among them as the wife of their king, in order to carry on the life-work of a devoted Missionary. The Missionary was a man of somewhat uncommon views, having pledged himself to a negress so that he might the more completely identify himself with the people. The matrimonial fate of Druida will not be generally considered happy or agreeable; and the gruesome horrors which form a principal feature of the novel are distinctly the reverse of entertaining.

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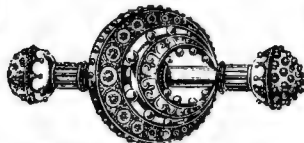
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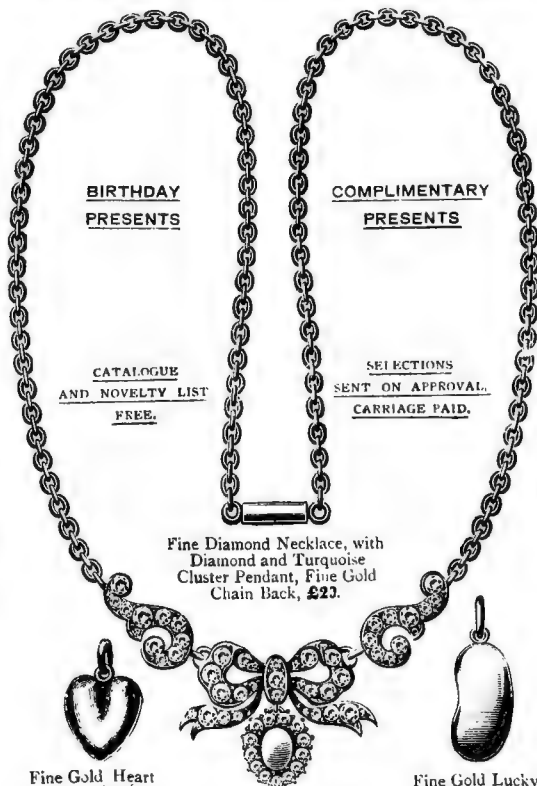
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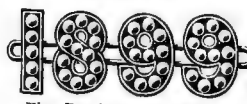
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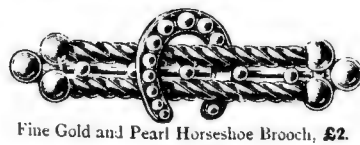
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Music

THE CLOSING OPERA SEASON

THE opera season of 1899 will come to an end on Monday, when it is hoped Madame Melba and M. Saleza will appear together in a strong cast of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*. Already arrangements have been in progress for the season of next year. It will commence on May 7, and will, as usual, last just over eleven weeks. The customary circulars have been issued to the subscribers affording them the option of retaining their seats on giving notice before the end of August; but within four days of the notice being posted three-fourths of the subscribers had returned affirmative replies, so that the success of next season would seem already to be amply guaranteed. It is hoped, then, that M. Jean de Reszké will be able to remain throughout the summer, as according to present arrangements he has no intention of going to the United States, so that his voice will be in much fresher condition than it was this year. Also Madame Melba will remain in Europe, while Madame Calvé and M. Alvarez, who, as we understand, has entered into a three years' engagement with Mr. Maurice Grau, will be the chief artists of the American tour. No arrangements have, of course, yet been made as to novelties and so forth, and indeed it has been found an impossibility this year to carry out the intention formed early in the spring of producing such works as M. Block's *Princesse d'Auvergne*, Goldmark's *Prisoner of War*, Delibes' *Le Roi va Dit*, and other works. The only absolute novelty of the present season was *Messaline*, which was produced on the 13th, and of which we gave a tolerably full account last week. *Messaline*, indeed, has resulted in a curious difference of opinion.

Some writers have lauded it to the skies, while others have condemned it no less severely. The truth, as usual, lies between the two extremes. It seems a pity that Mr. Isidore de Lara, who beyond question has greatly improved during the past six years as a composer for the stage, should have selected so questionable a story as that which has

which had been thought out so as to make it most effective. It was hardly the fault of M. Renaud that the feeble character of the revolutionary Ballad Singer was not made more interesting. M. Alvarez was a splendid representative of the Gladiator, and the dresses and *mise-en-scène* were magnificent, and, occasionally even ultra-magnificent. In some quarters the orchestra has been blamed for its tameness. But, considering the difficulty of music and the extraordinary quality of the performance, which lasted till twenty minutes past midnight, they did their work well.

MR. FARJEON'S "FLORETTA"

Two clever children of Mr. Farjeon, the novelist, and children of Jefferson, the composer, have written a two-act opera entitled *Floretta*, which was produced by the students of the Academy of Music at St. James' Hall on Monday night. It is not so ridiculous to seriously criticise this work, in which Miss Farjeon has shown her possession of highly promising literary and poetic talent, whatever may be her defects (or the defects of Heinrich Zschöke, from whom she borrowed her story), from the point of view of French literature. Mr. Harry Farjeon's music, with his gift of melody, and, with some crudities, also his power of writing effectively for an orchestra, which was mainly the work of students of the institution. Some of Mr. Farjeon's songs and duets are, indeed, of a remarkably melodious pattern, and so, in fact, that we can hardly forgive the anachronism of a waltz refrain, which would considerably have assuaged the hero of the Edict of Nantes. The opera has evidently been well rehearsed under Mr. Betjemann, who directed the performance.



MESSALINE (Madame Héglon)

THE GLADIATOR (M. Alvarez)

M. ISIDORE DE LARA'S NEW OPERA "MESSALINE" AT COVENT GARDEN: SCENE FROM ACT III.

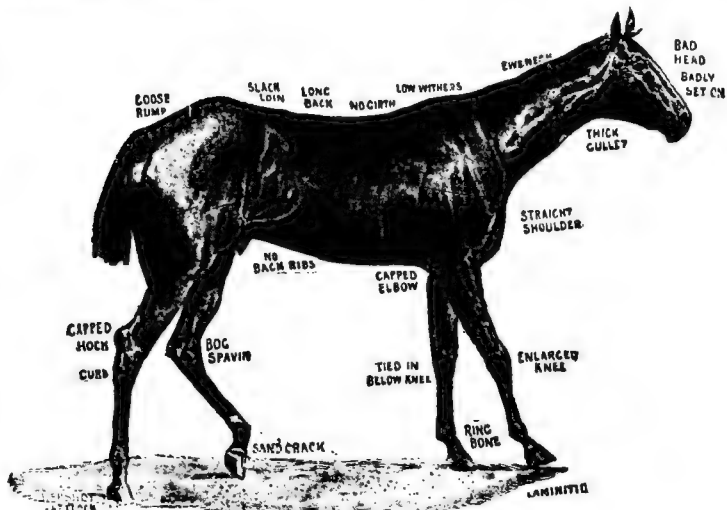
the vicious Roman Empress for its heroine. The performance, however, was beyond question remarkably fine, better, perhaps, than anything we had previously seen this season. Madame Héglon particularly revelled in the character of the Empress, every detail of

of a waltz refrain, which would considerably have assuaged the hero of the Edict of Nantes. The opera has evidently been well rehearsed under Mr. Betjemann, who directed the performance.

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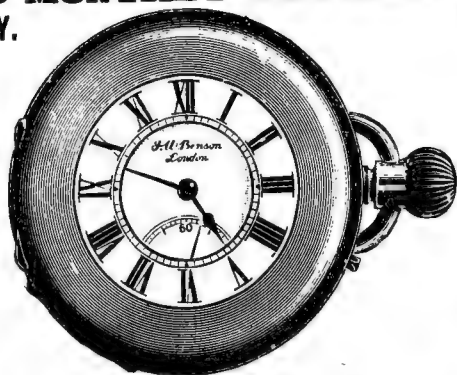
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## Rural Notes

## THE FIRST SHEAVES

HERE and there among the whitening, but for the most part still greenish-hued, fields of wheat and oats may be seen a solitary field which is of a bright, clear gold, and then again another field actually in full harvest with the self-binding reaper clicking merrily along the line of falling grain. These fields are not of barley, usually spoken of as the remaining cereal after wheat and oats have been mentioned, but of rye, for barley is the latest of the white crops, as rye is the earliest, and few fields of barley will be carried within three weeks of to-day. Rye in the days of Swift and Addison was still the food of one-fourth of the English people, but the prejudice against "black bread" was ingrained, and the first step upwards of the peasantry was in the direction of demanding a "white" loaf. Rye, however, has its claims; it keeps moist in dry, hot weather far longer than wheaten bread, and it is a wholesome variation on the exclusively wheaten diet. Rye in England is now grown mainly as a green crop, to be fed to animals in the spring before the meadows are affording a full feed. But a few

farmers still grow it as a white crop, and to-day it is at the same price as wheat. This year's crop to the acre is a good one.

## WHEAT, BARLEY AND OATS

The trio of white crops which constitute the greater proportion of our cereal produce are this year of very different promise. Wheat, which started well on its growth with a mild December, January and February was strong enough to resist the evil spell of weather in March, April and May, and as June was very favourable, and in July has been for three weeks of the same fine character, it is now of full average likelihood in the way of yield. An exhaustive report to the *Times* puts the promise at 958 points, against 1,033 points last year, and as the 1,033 points of last year eventuated in a yield of 34.74 bushels, we may on this basis credit 1899 with a 32.14 bushel yield. Barley and oats, on the other hand, are spring-sown crops, and they made a wretched start in April, going, so to speak, from bad to worse during May, and only beginning to recover lost ground when June was well advanced. Oats, which require fully three inches of rainfall in June and July, are a very short crop in all those counties—quite half of England—where they have only had an inch and a half in the last seven weeks. Barley shows some good crops on well-farmed land, but is a comparative failure on the poorer and less cared-for soils and lands.

## PULSE ROOTS AND POTATOES

The cultivation of beans and peas in Great Britain languishes. At present only 231,747 acres are devoted to beans and only 175,570 acres to peas, the yield averaging 26.79 bushels of the former and 25.70 of the latter staple. These figures argue not only under-cultivation but a defective attention, for in Norfolk, where beans are attended to, if grown at all, 32.19 bushels are averaged, and peas yield a mean crop of thirty bushels round London, of 31.59 bushels in the by no means genial climate of Cheshire, and of 28 to 29 bushels in the fens of Cambridge and Lincoln. This year the promise is not quite so good as in 1897 and 1898, but is better than in 1895 and 1896. Potatoes are at present of very disappointing promise in Great Britain, though in Ireland a bumper crop is anticipated. The dry weather should have helped potatoes so that one can only say that "somehow or other"—the seasons never yield up all their mysteries—the year is not what it might be expected to be. That turnips should suffer in a season like the present was inevitable; we are rather relieved to find the leading journal putting them as high as 80 per cent. of a full crop. Mangolds and swedes are backward, but may yet attain an average yield.

## MEADOWS, ORCHARDS, AND GARDENS

The hay is mostly in, and while there is a fair amount of nutriment in it, the yield is not so large as was at first anticipated, though even a month ago nobody looked for quite an average crop. The best opinion to-day is that the yield is about fifteen per cent. under average, say 19½ cwt. to the acre against a mean of 23 cwt. It will probably be optimism to set down a clear ton to the acre for 1899. The big crops of 1897 and 1898 will make the deficiency of 1899 seem the larger by comparison, but this year's yield is rather better than that of 1896 and is vastly superior to that of 1895. The orchards have not yielded well of cherries, and the apples suffered severely in May. Pears and plums are very variable, but there is some hope that an average may be the actual result. The hop gardens are of better promise than in any year since 1895; there is

but little fly, lice, or rust, and the comparative absence of these plagues more than atones for a backward and none too vigorous growth. The flower gardens are bright with roses, with zinnias and petunias, with early varieties of the perennials, and with the first hollyhocks. But the bigger shrubs were much injured by the harsh May.

## IS MUTTON LOSING FAVOUR?

The population has increased about 2,500,000 in years, but the number of sheep and lambs kept has fallen from 27,281,000 to 26,743,000. The fall is not, of course, its significance lies in the "muttons" diminished population of consumers increases. The present number of sheep and lambs should be at least thirty millions. It is, therefore, as if mutton of home rearing was losing its value, a very serious thing for the pastoral counties.



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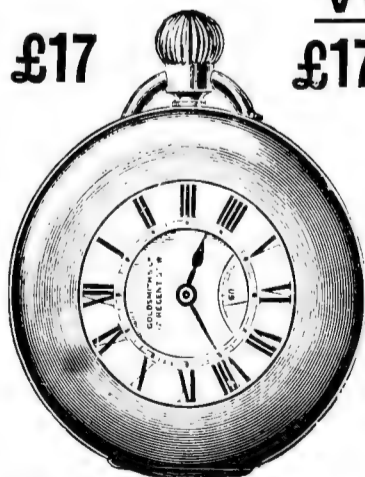
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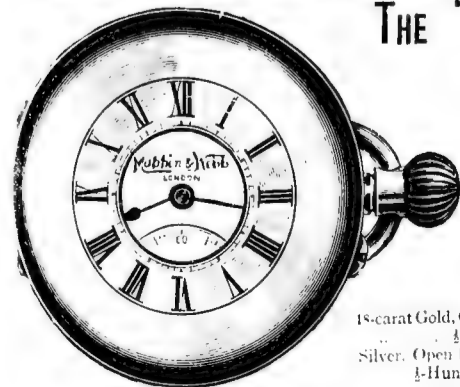
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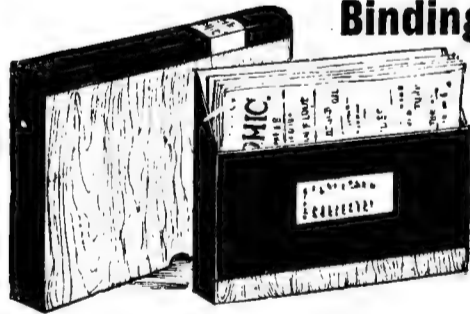
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"LONDON OF TO-DAY" (Hastings House, Norfolk Street), which is edited by Charles Eyre Pascoe, is now published for the fifteenth consecutive year. The editor takes the opportunity of comparing London of fifteen years ago with the capital as it is to-day, and particularly draws attention to the growth of illustrated periodicals in that period, and he claims for his book that it was the first illustrated guide book to London that tried to describe "London as it lives from day to day." The calendar for the season is most useful.—"Little's Annual Pleasure Diary" for 1899 (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.) supplies information not easily to be obtained elsewhere. Not only are dates of various coming events given, but under the heads of public buildings, hotels and theatres are to be found the best way of reaching them by rail, omnibus or cab, and the fares from the principal termini.—"Seaside Watering Places" (L. Upcott Gill), which is now issued for the twenty-third successive year, is meant to act as a guide in the selection of a holiday resort. The description of each place includes information as to the means of access to it, the nature of the climate, the character of the beach and scenery, and the amusements afforded, with particulars as to fishing, golf links and tennis grounds, and the chief hotels.—"The Health Resorts of Europe" (Henry Kimpton), by Thomas Linn, M.D., is published for the seventh year. It is a medical guide to the mineral springs and mountain seaside resorts, and will be useful to invalids in search of a place suited to their complaint.—"In Quaint East Anglia" (Greening and Co.), by T. West Carnie, sings the praises

of the East Coast; it is a prettily-got-up and readable little book.—The summer issue of the "Sportsmen's and Tourists' Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, Deer Forests of Scotland" (118, Pall Mall), which is edited by J. Watson Lyall, and has reached its twenty-seventh year of issue, is the most complete handbook to fishings and shootings north of the Tweed. The indices give the names of owners and tenants, and the descriptions of the lochs and moors furnish details of the kind of sport to be found in each. A good map and railway time-tables add to the value of this well-known guide.—"Bradshaw's Dictionary of Bathing Places and Climatic Resorts" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.), a new edition of which is just published, should be serviceable in helping to solve the problem of where to send an invalid. Under the name of each place will be found the names of the principal doctors, the hotels which can be recommended with confidence, information as to the climate, sea-bathing and mineral waters of the resort, and the particular disease for the cure of which each resort is recommended.—The fourth edition of "Mediterranean Winter Resorts" (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.), by Eustace A. Reynolds Ball, contains some hundred more pages than the previous issue of the book. It is a valuable handbook, with an excellent map, and the articles on the principal invalid stations by resident English physicians, should prove a boon to those to whom the sunny south means another lease of life.—"Hey, for the Holidays!" (R. E. Taylor and Son), by Walter Miles, contains hints for the holidays, articles descriptive of Rambles in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, and a little collection of humorous lyrics.—"America Abroad" (8 and 9, Essex Street), edited by J. W. Cundall, has reached its ninth year of publication, and is a useful handbook for American travellers.—

The North and Eastern Railways of France publish a collection of views on the route from London to Switzerland and Italy by the St. Gothard Railway.

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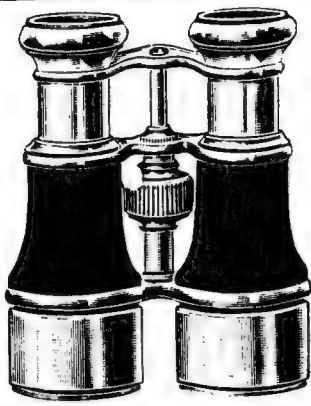
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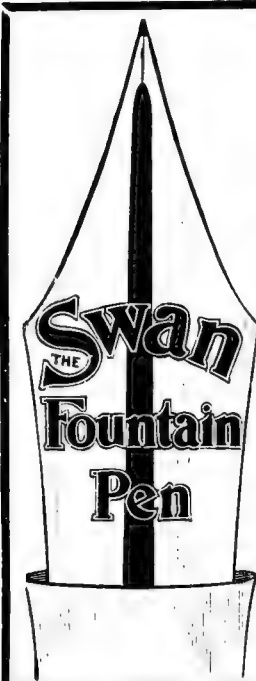
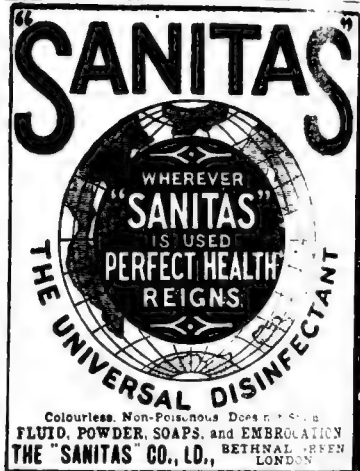
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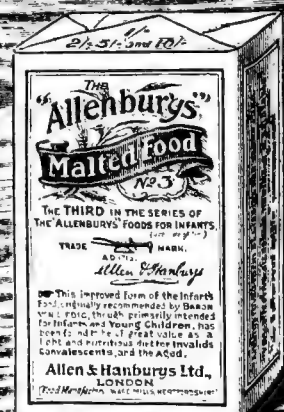
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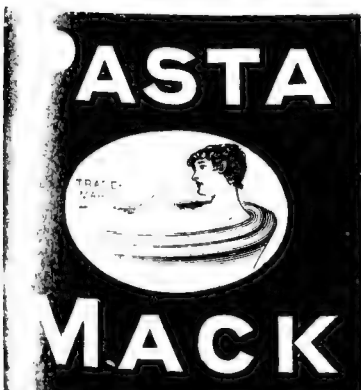
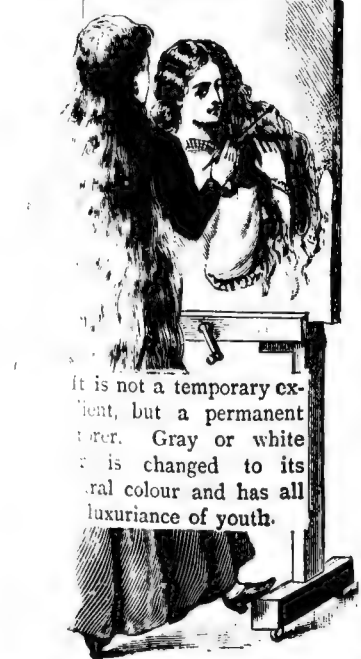
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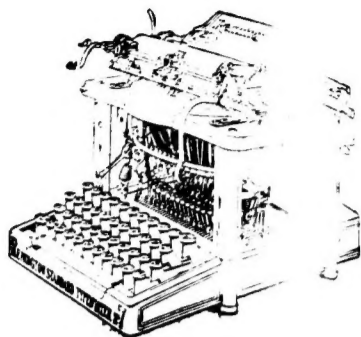
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THE GRAPHIC, JULY 22, 1899

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